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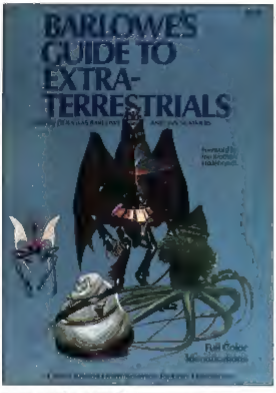

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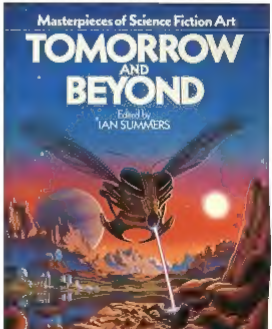

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Front cover, "Mr. Interlocutor?" "Yes, Mr. Bones?", By **Patrick Cuarain**

Back cover, Another DC-10 Bites the Dust,
by **Jim Burns**

"The Circus," by Picotto and Tardi. "The Visitors from July," by Caza and "Road to Ruin," by Bilal are © 1978, 1977 by Dargaud Editeur, France. All rights reserved.
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Illustration by Ron Walotsky

...Thirty-five...

There's an air of excitement around the *Heavy Metal* offices these days. Putting the magazine together has never been more fun. Adding the new feature section has given us an added dimension to play with. And then there's the pleasure that always occurs when exciting new material comes in. Angus McKie has always had this effect on us. We serialized *So Beautiful and So Dangerous* here in eight installments that had everyone waiting eagerly for the next, but this issue we present McKie's new masterpiece, "Experiment With the Air Pump," complete in one lovely sixteen-page whack: no waiting!

Speaking of waiting, we've been waiting several months now to publish Jeronaton's "Champakou," which recently concluded its run in our French sister magazine, *Metal Hurlant*. The French doled out this sixty-four page story in eight-page bits; we decided to wait until we could hit you with a big chunk of it all at once. Next issue—knock on wood!—we will be presenting thirty-three pages of this gorgeously lyrical story, with two more sixteen-page installments to follow!

Two new serials do begin this issue: Richard Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton," and Steve Stiles's "Professor Thintwhistle." Corben requires no introduction here—he's been a faithful and valued contributor since our first issue—but Stiles, who made his debut in these pages with "Combing Out The Kinks" and "Work and Win" last December, began his collaboration with Richard Lupoff on "Thintwhistle" in *1966* in the pages of an SF fanzine of that period. Lupoff turned the neo-Victorian adventures of the Good Professor into a Dell book, *Into the Aether*, in 1974, but Stiles's collaborative art got lost by the wayside: although the book did have an unusual Frazetta cover). But virtue has triumphed, and Stiles and Lupoff are back together once again with a fresh new rendition of the Professor's adventures on his journey to the moon.

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CHAIN MAIL

Dear Sirs:

Being stoned and reading *Heavy Metal*—just can't do one without the other.

Having accomplished that just now with the November issue, I must say I hate to see the incredible artwork in the story "Elric" confined to the pages of a magazine (although it's a damned good one).

The artwork of Brunner/Moorcock deserves to be made into T-shirts and/or posters and the like. (Without the wording, of course.) *[That leaves our Moorcock's pan. —TW]*

Also, the artwork of Philippe Druillet in "Urm the Mad" (April '78, pp. 24-25, by far the best) and, more recently, "Gall" deserves praise.

I can't help wondering if these and others are stoned, if not more, when drawing these masterpieces. The detail is astounding, and even more so with the help of that "Rolled Gold."

T. H. C.
Decatur, Ind.

In Europe, hash is much more common than "Rolled Gold." —TW

Sinjoro:

En "The Story of Rowlf" lau Corben (November 1979), kial laceteguloj veroj soldatoj parolas Esperanton?

Cru iciadas ili parolas nur volapuk.

Mi dankas vin.
J.D. Belling
Mitchell, Ind.

Shucks, I bet you say that to everyone who uses Esperanto in a story. —TW

Dear Ted:

The grapevine tells me that you've stepped into a strategic position at *Heavy Metal* and I thought it imperative to speak to you. I've let my subscription run out and you ought to know why.

By any definition, I'm certainly a potential consumer of *HM*. I have a vast collection of underground comix, which of course includes graphic art very similar to that which is featured in *HM*. I certainly own every comic in which such American greats as Corben, Metzger, Holmes, Jeff Jones, and Eric Kimball have appeared.

HM has had two shortcomings. One is an overemphasis on serialized stories and the other is a fascination with morbid material. There clearly has been underexposure of American graphic artists, and while most of the European material exhibited has been quite good, I do believe there is a lot of graphic illustration work which is equally good from the US and Canada.

As a small-time writer for the *Comics Journal* and a couple of smaller fanzines, I do try to stay on top of developments in adult graphic art, and I'd love to see *HM* move into more contemporary American

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trends—although it's certainly great to catch the Europeans as well. I'll certainly pick up an occasional *HM* in the future to see how it's going.

Bruce Sweeney
Boston, Mass.

I hope so—otherwise, how can you tell whether your comments have had any earth-shattering effect upon us? But, seriously now, we have just so many pages in which to publish each issue's material, and we can't get everything into one issue, especially without serializing anything! I'd just as soon avoid national chauvinism, as well. There are great artists turning out superb material all over the world. Our only criteria is quality—we're not snobs about the country of origin. In this issue we have Americans like Stiles, Corben, Howarth, and Kierkegaard rubbing elbows with Europeans like Matena, Ilic, Bilal, Caza, and Moebius. Coming up soon: Japanese artist Shinobu Kaze. Don't you think you ought to reubscribe? —TW.

Dear *HM*:

Just read the October Lovecraft issue and I gotta say it looks like you guys are on the upswing again. I mean I actually managed to finish half the stories (a great achievement for your recent stuff). A real joy was seeing another story by Mr. Suydam. While not as good as "Mama's Place," "Bad Breath" was some of the best black and white artwork I've seen in a long time. Keep up the overall good work and I might even buy your mag on a monthly basis.

Brad Durken

You mean you haven't been? —TW.

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...Thirty-five...

continued from page 3

Matt Howarth is a crazed acidhead who has built up an elaborate mythos over the past five years concerning the Post brothers and their friends, Professor Ed, Savage Henry, Caroline the Clone, and the whole gang at the Cold Front in Bugtown. Next issue we'll begin serializing his epic comic-novel, *Changez*, but this issue we have two brief tastes of his lunacy, "The Snow Gods" and "The Children's Hour," to introduce you to the gang. As someone once said, "It may stop, but it never ends . . ."

Our friends from France, Moebius, Caza, and Bilal, are here with typically brilliant work. "Airtight Garage" is nearing its conclusion, by the way, with just two more installments to come.

From Holland and *Gummi* magazine we've imported Dick Matena, who gives us "G.A.M." This one's wordless — pictures are the universal language, after all—but Dick has some wordier stories coming up here as well.

And from Yugoslavia we have Mirko Ilic's "Survival," another finely crafted wordless piece. With any luck at all, Ilic, too, will be here again soon.

Finally—but definitely not to be overlooked—Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.'s "Rock Opera," which began here last issue in black and white, moves into full color this issue. "Rock Opera" was originally a black-and-white strip that ran in Washington DC's *Unicorn Times*, a monthly entertainment paper for which yours truly is a columnist. Kierkegaard is reworking and coloring his original strips for us and will continue the series beyond the point where it terminated in *Unicorn Times*.

This is only our second issue of the new decade, but already we're gathering momentum—it's no wonder we're caught up in the excitement! How about you?

—Ted White

The crowd at Hurrah's in NY on a Tuesday night was waiting for Ultravox, the British new wave group, when a quiet figure slipped out onto the dimly lit stage. The figure was a man dressed in a white tux with a white top hat, and his face—hand to toll in the blue light, but wasn't his face white, too? Shades covered his eyes, but—ya!—his face, his whole head, was covered with white bandages. Shades of the Invisible Man! People sensed that something was about to happen, and suddenly there was a crowd in front of the stage.

The figure began touching the banks of controls, and sounds welled up: mechanical rhythms, synthetic sequences—modern sounds, the sounds of Eno and Chester, the sounds of Kraftwerk—the sounds of modern music-making machines. Then, as the light changed from soft blue to brilliant white with tinges of red and green, the silent figure picked up a mandolin—yes, a *mandolin*!—and struck it, producing a massive power chord, a blast of sound that would have made more sense coming from a guitar. From that minute on, Nash the Slash had the audience completely under his control.

Working with lights and slide projections—which, among other functions, announced the title of each piece for him, silent screen style—Nash the Slash put on an engrossing hour's worth of music and performance, never lagging, and climaxed with his stunning version of Paul Townshend's "Baba O'Riley," putting aside the mandolin for a violin. He ended the show by attacking his violin with a power saw, slashing it to splinters that he threw into the eager audience. He did no encore.

Although Nash's showmanship is unique and reveals a considerable flair, his music lies at the core of his performances. It too is unique: a blend of modern, post-Roxy Music new wave with echoes of Eno's work; archetypical. Who-inspired power chords; and King Crimson-like contrasts between riveting dissonances and lyrical beauty. And all by one man, alone on a stage: a man and his machines.

"Actually, my set-up is like the Model-T of synthesizers," he says. "I don't use any real synthesizers. I have a couple of drum machines, Crumar's Multiman String Machine, Crumar's bass pedals, and a whole lot of stock guitar components—fuzztones, flangers, echoplexes, that sort of thing. I could have spent ten thousand dollars on a fancy synthesizer or two, but instead I spent that money on a lot of fifty-dollar devices, which I've mounted and interconnected myself. I prefer it. It gives me complete control over what I'm doing."

Nash uses the machines to set up his accompaniment—the key shifts of which he controls with his bass pedals—over which he "solos" on violin or mandolin, both electrified and subjected to modification by other devices. (All of his music is produced to "real time" except for the backing

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MUZICK

Courtesy of Lou Stathis

Lou Stathis

Yes, boys and girls, once again the inexorably plodding march of time has carried us into a new decade, whether we wanted to get there or not. It's now 1980, for those of you who haven't been paying too much attention to reality lately. This means that we're pushing into the last one-fifth of a century that has been notable mostly for its hell-bent plunge into the devouring gravity well of its own uncertain future. Never before have human beings been so obsessed with their own future. That's not surprising though, considering that never before has the future arrived so quickly. Technological progress in the twentieth century has zipped along at such a maddening pace that far too often the future is here before we've even noticed the present go past. This results in a rather unpleasant feeling in the brain's chronological stabilization system, a sort of psychological motion sickness in which the mind feels compelled to reach out for a crutch in order to stay sane—usually a steadying hand-held into the familiar past (aka nostalgia). What we like to call "art" is the result of the struggling the mind endures as it digests and attempts to correlate the anxieties of external reality. Is it any wonder, then, that the art of the twentieth century has been so obsessed with the concept of futurism?

Take science fiction as an example. It is an art form that confronts directly the dislocations of the onrushing future, or at least it does so in its purest form. The development of SF has always paralleled the era of accelerated progress that began over 150 years ago with the Industrial Revolution. Few, if any, human beings felt the need to invent science fiction prior to that time; only since then has the true power of technology to transform our lives while we were living them become obvious. Once the form of SF was forged (perhaps by Mary Shelley, as Brian Aldiss has suggested), it spread and flourished, as more writers found it an appropriate vocabulary to express the strange feelings in their guts and the visions in their heads. It was segregated from other literature and christened (with the thankfully forgotten appellation of "scientifiction") in 1926, its equivalent of puberty, and then entered a long, trying adolescence. Only recently has it entered what could be considered adulthood—it might be just another stage for all I know, but it has, at least, begun to loosen its grip on its adolescent neuroses and phobias (women and sex-role stereotyping, style deafness, characters without feeling or depth, etc.).

The story of rnk is a similar one. Like science fiction, it is a guitar an form, in existence for only the last twenty-five years or so. It is fundamentally tied to technology—electricity—because it's

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FLIX

Photograph by Hoyt for the Preservation Society of Newport County

Bhob

Although Carrie White "hated her face, her dull, stupid, bovine face, the vapid eyes, the red, shiny pimples, the nests of blackheads," the 1974 *Carrie* handbook ignored Stephen King's descriptions of his oppressed high school misfit in favor of a sleek, glamorized photo for the jacket, and the book chalked up unspectacular sales. With the release of the 1976 film adaptation and its reverse twist on Hollywood's perennial exploitative "woman as victim" theme, the paperback was repackaged as a movie tie-in showing Sissy Spacek drenched in pig blood (actually Karo syrup and food coloring). This key book jacket/film poster image of the bloody Prom Night humiliation that sparks Carrie's telekinetic wave of destruction subliminally suggests a submerged allegory of militant feminism (underlined by the cover blurb, "THEY NEVER KNEW SHE HAD THE POWER..."). Echoing the earlier locker room scene of Carrie's first period (when she also reached her TK "mental puberty"), it showed Carrie, herself not unlike a stained sanitary napkin, as she stood there in her white, blood-besprinted dress. Triggering the audience's collective unconscious to unleash fragmented and repressed high school memories ("A prom is like your first sexual experience," said *Carrie* director Brian De Palma), the film has since achieved a remarkable popularity. In TV ratings it ranks ninth among all 1979 theatrical motion pictures given network showings during the '78– '79 TV season—beaten out only by *Rocky*, *The Sting*, and episodes of *GWTW*, *The Ten Commandments*, and *Now You See Him, Now You Don't*. When I mentioned this to Stephen King, he seemed blissfully unaware of the film's large pull on TV: "Really? Wow, that's incredible. I'm really surprised."

Not only did *Carrie* win Stacy Spacek a National Society of Film Critics Award for Best Actress, it catapulted King's career. When the paperback switched its cover to the Spacek photo, sales soared toward four million copies. In only five years King has totaled an awesome ten million copies in print of all his books, published in hardback by Doubleday and Viking and in paperback by New American Library (Signet). Estimates have it that movie tie-ins and other editions during the coming year will more than double this figure, explaining, perhaps, why the NAL promotion department has labeled him "the best selling author in the world in 1980."

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SF

Steve Brown

For thousands of years the human race has projected its fears and desires onto the Universe in the form of myths. From the moody storm and doings of the Norse sagas to the sophisticated soap operas of the Greeks and Romans, these stories act as grand metaphors for the cultures that created them. There is something inherently fascinating about tales of immortals with god-sized problems who manipulate the stuff of existence itself, a fascination that has behind the creation of the literature of fantasy, when the culture stopped believing in myths, and science fiction—the sterilized and modern descendant of fantasy).

One of the most interesting creators of modern myth, and a powerful manipulator of archetypes, is Roger Zelazny. Zelazny has devoted a career spanning myriad short stories and eighteen novels in an attempt at fashioning his own contemporary mythology, from the intricate mashing of Hindu myth structure and western technology of his Hugo-winning novel, *The Lord of Light*, to the gaudy pageantry of his five-book Amber series.

All too often Zelazny's purpose became enchanted in bombast, as in the tedious squabblings of the Princes of Amber. But in his newest novel, *Roadmarks*, he has honed his storytelling (and myth building) skills to the sharpest of edges.

The Road marked in the title is nothing less than Time seen as a literal highway complete with off- and on-ramps, rest stops and gas stations, traffic cops, and an odd variety of traffic:

> Red Dorakeen was on a quiet section of the Road, straight and still as death and faintly sparkling. A pair of futuristic vehicles had passed him several hours earlier, moving at fantastic speeds, and he had later overtaken a couch-and-four and then a solitary horseman. He kept his blue Dodge pickup in the right-hand lane and maintained a steady 65 MPH. He chewed his cigar and hummed.

Red Dorakeen smokes cigars, wears a baseball hat, and generally isn't human. He has been travelling the Road in a huge pickup for a very long time, making a living transporting items from one historical era to another, and searching for his beginnings. He seems to be growing gradually younger: his current journey is of walking an offshoot of the Road to an old man. Probably he is descended from dragons, but he isn't sure. He keeps trying to change the past in various ways to erase new-era and side-Roads in an attempt to find his way back to where he thinks he came from. Time in this book is presented as not only mutable but in a constant state of flux.

Roadmarks is a book that should appeal to *Heavy Metal* readers of all varieties. The surface plot is an exciting vendetta against Red Dorakeen by an old partner of his. Chadwick has declared a black decade; the Games Board in the twenty-fifth century has allowed Chadwick ten chances to kill Red. He may, and does, use hired agents ranging from a futuristic tank controlled by a wizard-in

continued on page 60

COMIX

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Jay Kinney

It is difficult to discuss the evolution of underground comix from 1967 to the present without simultaneously examining the myths of the generation that came of age as the sixties became the seventies. And it is always hardest to step back and view one's own myths dispassionately.

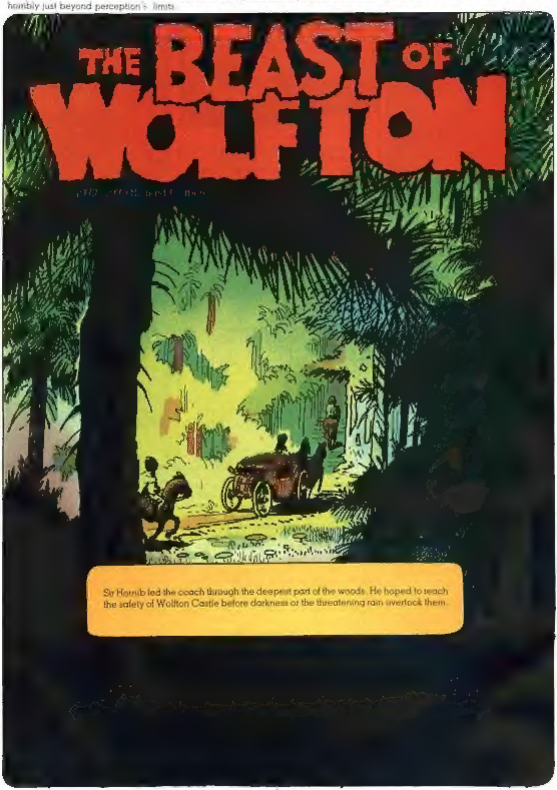
Myths are shared beliefs that give meaning to our lives. Sometimes they are *ideas* associated with words or numbers that come to symbolize history in easy to digest form. (The notion of the sixties itself is such a myth, as is the loss of innocence associated with the Altamont myth.) Sometimes myths are ways of looking at people and events that enable us to establish our own identity or label others (the myths of freaks and straights, of superstars, and, more recently, of punks).

But whatever their role, one thing seems to be true of our modern myths, and that is that they are as changeable as fashion—as transitory as the events to which they provide explanations.

This is certainly true in the case of the prime mass-hedonism myth of the late sixties, the counterculture. Like all good myths, the counterculture seemed real as long as its citizens believed in it. But once that faith began to ebb, as the subculture's symbols and trappings spread far beyond the enclaves, the counterculture as an actual entity seemed to evaporate like a puddle of spilled Annie Greensprings. A mixed legacy of purer foods, alternate life-styles, environmental concerns, and expensive drug habits are all that remain—echoes of a once storied pastoral.

continued on page 65

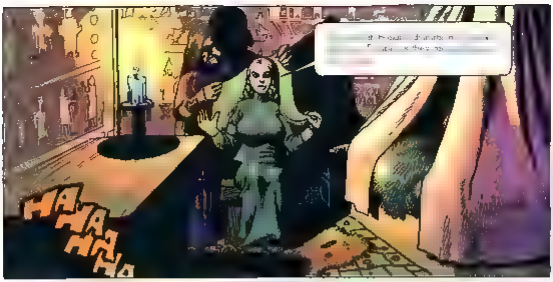
In remote ancient lands north of Caniseland there lay vast forests called the Direbark. The people that lived there shivered and hid in the gloomy dark. Their fears were founded in more than groundless myths. Here the unknown menace was substantial and hovered horribly just beyond perception's limits.


THE BEAST OF WOLFTON
Sir Hornib led the coach through the deepest part of the woods. He hoped to reach the safety of Wolfton Castle before darkness or the threatening rain overtook them.

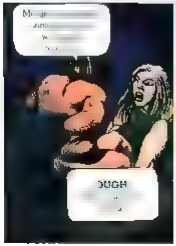
A phantom dread clutched at the lonely travelers. Strange rumors had saturated the land. Mangled bodies had been found. Could it be the work of a huge, bewitched bear? A wolf pack? None who had seen the truth, lived to tell.

WHOOOA! We'll stop here to rest a moment.
I hate traveling in these frightening woods.
For God's sake, Chabita, the fear sickness has infected even you.
Aaah!
Oh, a leaf.

CRUNCH CRUNCH CRUNCH
LET US IN!


HAHAHAHA

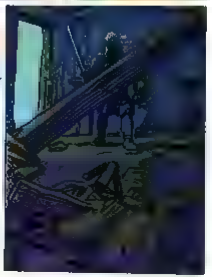
HAHA

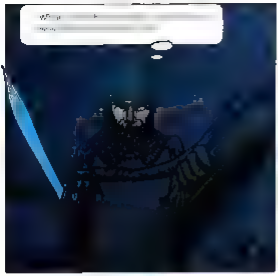

OUGH

AARRG

HELL!

[illegible] [illegible] warn [illegible] the [illegible] son of he beast's [illegible]. They reached the [illegible] on [illegible] noon.





Dancing murderers suggested sinister phantoms. The horsemen penetrated deeper into the wilds.

Nothing remained [illegible]

Something picked [illegible]

Bread crumbs on the floor

Ah!

WHUMP

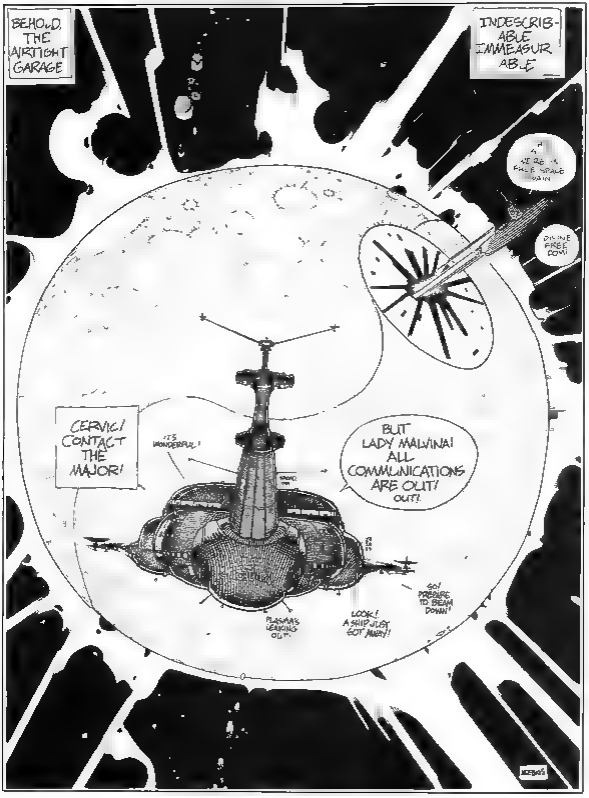
A crack of thunder

Fou Chong's cake

[illegible]

Very well, carry on to the next place.

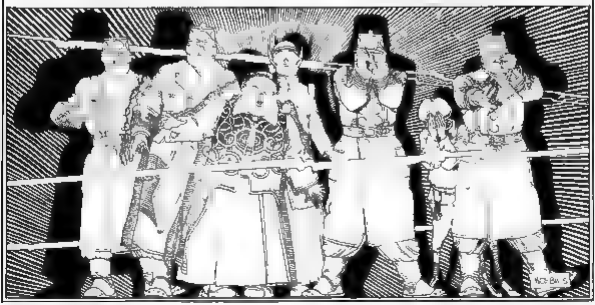
[illegible]


BEHOLD, THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE
INDESCRIBABLE IMMEASURABLE
I'LL BE A FALLEN STAR AGAIN
DIVINE FIRE, DOWN!
CERVIC! CONTACT THE MAJOR!
"IT'S WONDERFUL!"
BUT LADY MALVINA! ALL COMMUNICATIONS ARE OUT! OUT!
GO! FREEZE TO BEAM DOWN!
LOOK! A SHIP JUST GOT HERE!
PLASMA'S LEAKING OUT!
MOEBIUS

MEANWHILE ON BOARD THE MAJOR'S EXISTENTIAL SHIP, THE OSCAR!

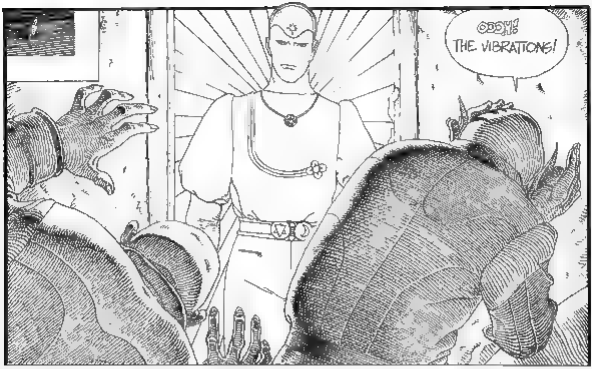
SOMEONE MUST HAVE REMOVED THE SPIKED HELMET. ANYWAY, THERE ARE ALL KINDS OF BREAKDOWNS THESE DAYS..
ALL MY PLANS ARE WASHED UP!

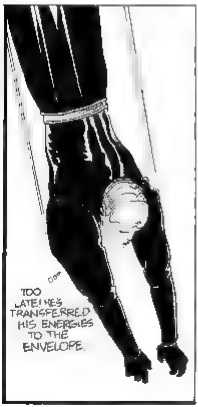
MALVINA IS DAYDREAMING THUS, WHEN AT THE SAME MOMENT, IN A HOTEL CORRIDOR IN ARMJOURTH..
CLOSE THE SCREEN. GET THE APPROACH POLARITY GOING IMMEDIATELY.. SECURE THE SHIP GENTLY, HUH?

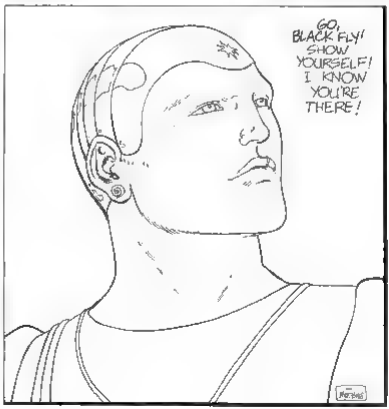


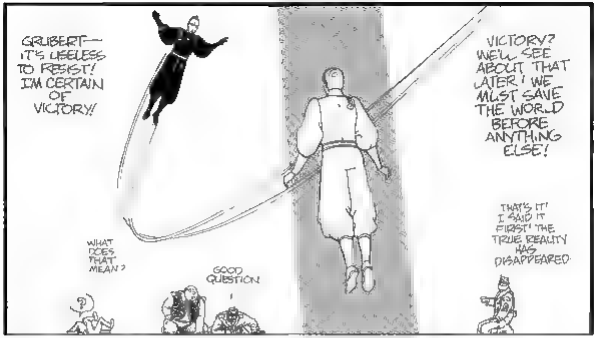
THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE by MOEBIUS
THERE! THERE HE IS! I CAN FEEL HIM!
The anti-matter vibrant with similar qualities of the planetary sediment, whistles through the air- looping over two octaves. A crash! The burning explosions! The pitiable cries of the victims! The crowds, shout and run! Then silence

© HEAVY METAL

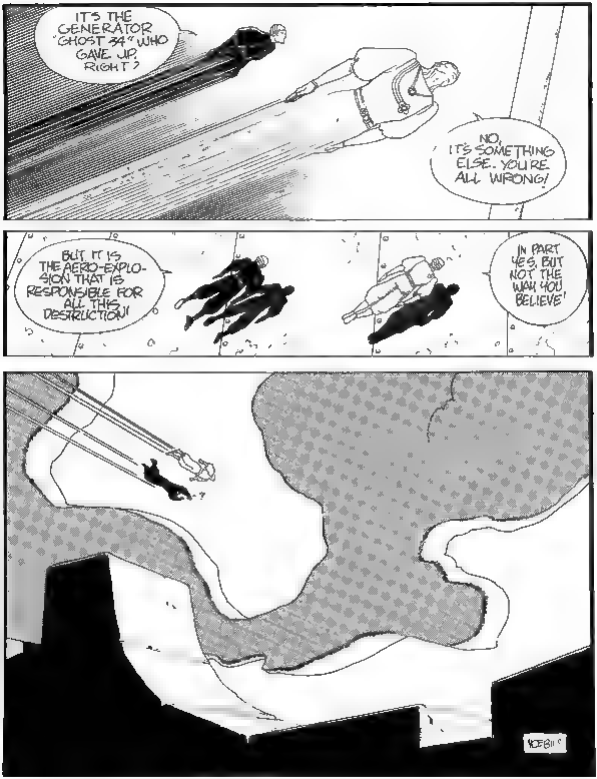

ODDY!
THE VIBRATIONS!

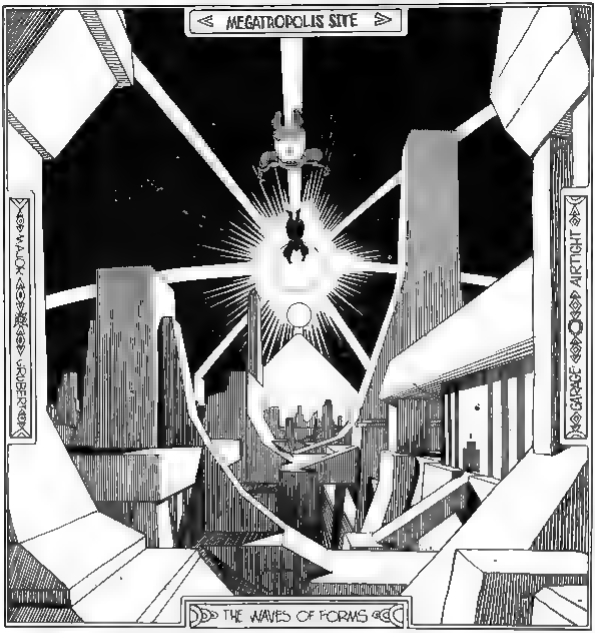

TOO LATE! HE'S TRANSFERRED HIS ENERGIES TO THE ENVELOPE.

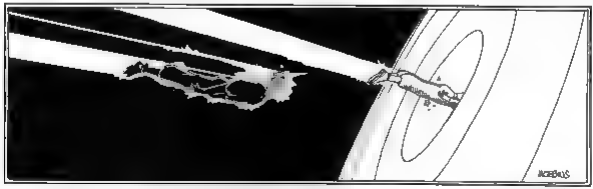

GO, BLACK FLY! SHOW YOURSELF! I KNOW YOU'RE THERE!


GRUBERT— IT'S USELESS TO RESIST! I'M CERTAIN OF VICTORY!
VICTORY? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT LATER! WE MUST SAVE THE WORLD BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE!
THAT'S IT! I SAID IT FIRST! THE TRUE REALITY HAS DISAPPEARED
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
GOOD QUESTION

AND I KNOW HOW! FOLLOW ME!


IT'S THE GENERATOR "GHOST 34" WHO GAVE UP, RIGHT?
NO, IT'S SOMETHING ELSE. YOU'RE ALL WRONG!
BUT IT IS THE AERO-EXPLOSION THAT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THIS DESTRUCTION!
IN PART YES, BUT NOT THE WAY YOU BELIEVE!
JOE BIH





TO BE CONTINUED..

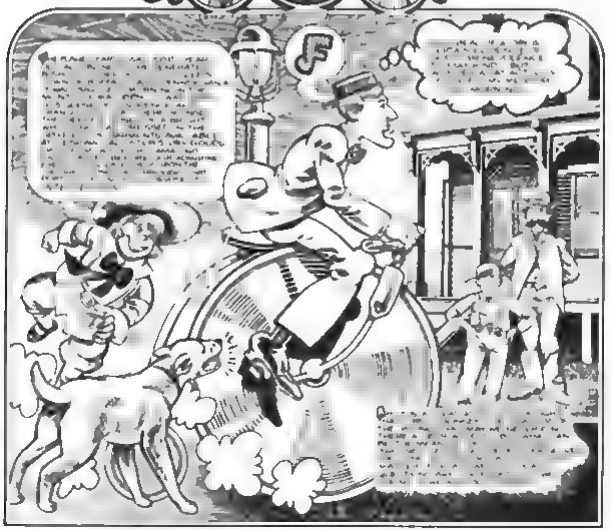
DING DONG

COMBAT!
I'VE CAUGHT YOUR
IT'S FOR KILLING PEOPLE!

ADOUR
AND NOW, MY WORKING FRIENDS, I'M GOING TO TALK TO YOU AGAIN TO ANALYZE ONE BY ONE ALL THESE BEAUTIFUL THINGS. THINGS THAT CONSTITUTE THAT THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT HAVE WORKED ON THESE LAST YEARS, SO SOPHISTICATED AS SOPHISTICATED CAN BE
mesty
tional
SOPHISTICATED
THERE'S IT, SOPHISTICATED! THAT THE FRENCH GOVERNMENTS HAVE WORKED ON ALL THAT, THEY'RE DOING EXPERIMENTS AND YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THE STATE BUDGET IS ALWAYS FOR EDUCATION
AH, BUT NO!
RAARH

SUPPORT YOUR
NO MASTER WAR

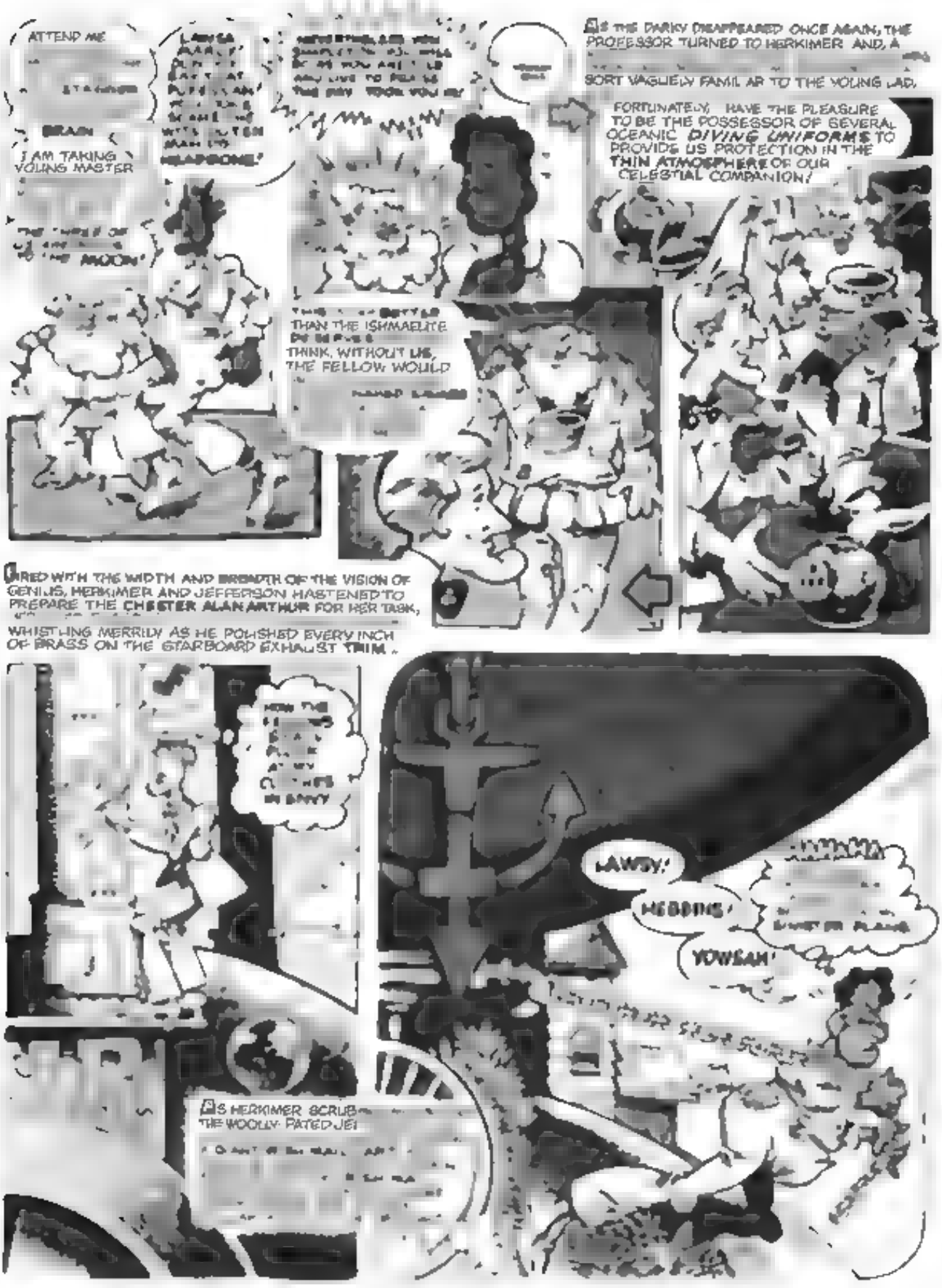
THE ADVENTURES OF PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE AND HIS INCREDIBLE AETHER FLYER



BUT SUDDENLY
?!
CRIKEY!
!
ACTION SOUND
ABRUPT
AHOY
CRASH
EXCAVATION
MY GOSH!
?
AHOY BELOW!
YOU
HALLO!
AHOY!
THUD!
MOAN

YOUNG HERKIMER-FOR THIS WAS INDEED THE NOMEN BY WHICH THE LAD WAS KNOWN GAZED ADMIRINGLY UPON HIS ELDER PROFESSOR THEOBALD URIAH THINKTWHISTLE AS HE EMERGED FROM THE STYGIAN DEPTHS
HERE I AM MY YOUNG FELLOW! WHAT SERVICE ... MINE?
WHAT WERE ... IN THAT ...
PROFESSOR THINKTWHISTLE OR 'OLE TUT' AS SCHOOL WISEACRES REFERRED TO HIM MADE HASTE TO ANSWER EVEN AS THE USUAL SMALL DISQUIETING THOUGHT HAD ITS BIRTH IN HIS WELL STOCKED CRANIAL DOME
WILL ... EVER ... NITWIT?
WORK OF A HIGHLY CONFIDENTIAL NATURE LAD
COME INTO THE HOUSE AND I WILL EXPLAIN ALL!
YOWSAH, MIST' PUFESSAH, HYAH AH IS!
FETCH US SOME TEA, YOU BLOODY BABOON!
... OF COURSE ... DANGER AND DISCIPLINE
I WILL ASK JEFFERSON JACKSON CLAY TO FETCH US SOME TEA
... HAS ... GOTTEN TO?
OH, BOY!
NOW HERKIMER IF YOU WILL ENLIGHTEN ME AS TO YOUR PUZZLEMENT I WILL ENDEAVOR TO RELIEVE YOUR CONDITION
... AS I WAS PEDALING BY UPON MY VELOCIPEDE I WAS PRECIPITATELY FIRED WITH CURIOSITY AS TO THE NATURE OF THE ACTIVITY TAKING PLACE BELOW
MY YOUNG FRIEND, YOU HAVE ... OF EARTHSHAKING IMPORT! ... ASTONISHING INVENTION!
? ?

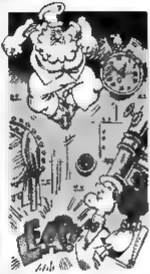
WOODEN STAIRS DEBOUCHED UPON A LARGE PLATFORM BEYOND AND ABOVE WHICH THERE TOWERED A GIGANTIC DARK OBJECT. DAZZLED AND IMPRESSED HERKIMER AS THE WAS ALARMED BY THIS MARVELOUS AND REMARKABLE SIGHT TO EVER BEFALL HIS VISION
YOU SEE... WAS DIGGING OUR COAL MY BOY FINE ANTHRACITE COAL IN WHICH OUR REGION SO FAMOUSLY ABOUNDS
BEHOLD NOW THE REASON FOR THIS SUCH AN EFFORT
THE COAL LAD WILL IN DUE COURSE SERVE AS FUEL FOR THE BOILERS OF THE MECHANICAL MARVEL OF ALL THE AGES--
THEOBALD THISTLEWHISTLE'S INCREDIBLE AETHER FLYER THE GREATEST AIRSHIP IN THE UNIVERSE! ETERNITY STEAM PROPELLED TRAIN IN WHICH I SHALL ASTOUND THE WORLD!
HATH MAN DARED TOO MUCH!
"NOT SO!" HE JOINED THE PROFESSOR. WHERE MECHANISM AND RADICAL THOUGHT HAD BEEN PRONOUNCED AN ABOMINATION WAS WHERE HE PLACED HIS HOPES AND DREAMS OF HIS BEAUTIFUL BUFFALO FALLS
HAD HEAVEN NOT INTENDED THE ARTHURIAN KNIGHTS OF OLD TO PENNSYLVANIA WOULD HAVE SET THEIR SIGHTS ON THAT ORGOID OF COAL
THIS IS WHAT IF PROVES HER INVALUABLE TO THE SUCCESS OF THIS HIGH MECHANICAL ENDEAVOR
IS SHE FLYIN MANNED SIR? WHAT YOU PLANNIN YOUR REW FOR M3?
THIS DAY DO SWEAR I REMEMBER THIS TWENTY THIRD OF MAY 1804 DO AFFIRM BY ALL THAT'S HOLY
SHALL TAKE YOU WITH ME AND JEFFERSON AS WELL THE THREE OF US SHALL FLY TO THE MOON!

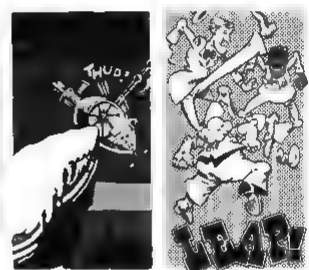

ATTEND ME
BRAIN
I AM TAKING YOUNG MASTER
AS THE DARKY DISAPPEARED ONCE AGAIN, THE PROFESSOR TURNED TO HERKIMER AND, A
SORT VAGUELY FAMILIAR TO THE YOUNG LAD,
FORTUNATELY, I HAVE THE PLEASURE TO BE THE POSSESSOR OF SEVERAL OCEANIC DIVING UNIFORMS TO PROVIDE US PROTECTION IN THE THIN ATMOSPHERE OF OUR CELESTIAL COMPANION!
THINK, WITHOUT US, THE FELLOW WOULD
ARED WITH THE WIDTH AND BREADTH OF THE VISION OF GENIUS, HERKIMER AND JEFFERSON HASTENED TO PREPARE THE CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR FOR HER TASK,
WHISTLING MERRILY AS HE POLISHED EVERY INCH OF BRASS ON THE STARBOARD EXHAUST TRIM.
HOW THE
AWSY!
HEDDING!
YOWSAH!
S HERKIMER SCRUB-
THE WOOLLY-PATED JET

OFF TO REVOLUTIONARY MILL, JEFFERSON!
WE SHALL USE ITS GENTLE INCLINE TO GAIN A BURST OF FLASHING SPEED IN WHICH TO LAUNCH US!
OH DEAR!

AT LENGTH, HAVING REACHED THE CREST OF THE HIGHEST PEAK WITHIN THE VILLAGE INCORPORATION LIMITS OF BUFFALO FALLS...
JEFFERSON! STEP LIVELY AND BRING YOUR WORTHLESS CARCASS TO THE SHIP. WE ARE PREPARE TO DEPART!

IN A MATTER OF MOMENTS THE STALWART THREE WERE GATHERED IN THE CAPTAINS QUARTERS.
NOW FELLOWS, FOLLOW ME AS I JUMP UP AND DOWN TO GIVE OUR CRAFT MEN STASY!


THUD!


YEAR!

HIGHER WITH EACH RISE AND LOWER WITH EACH DIP MOVED THE BOW OF THE FLYER UNIT... WITH A SCRAPE AND A THUMP SHE DIPPED OVER THE EDGE OF REVOLUTIONARY HILL...
BOUNCE!
BOUNCE!
BOUNCE!
HOLD ON WITH ONE HAND!
WE ARE MOVING, PROFESSOR! YOUR THEORIES ARE VINDICATED AT LAST!
TO BE CONTINUED...
DON'T MISS IT IF YOU CAN!

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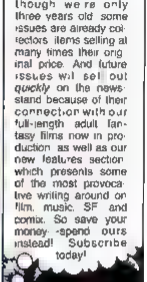

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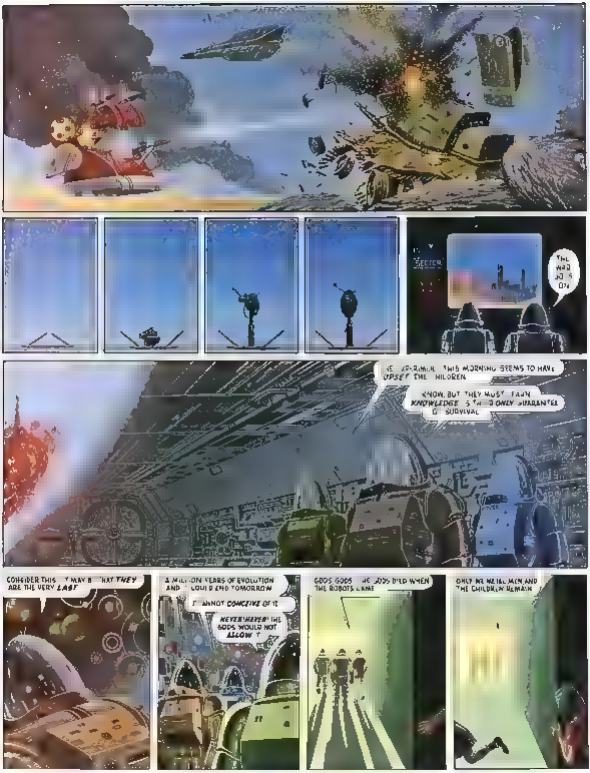
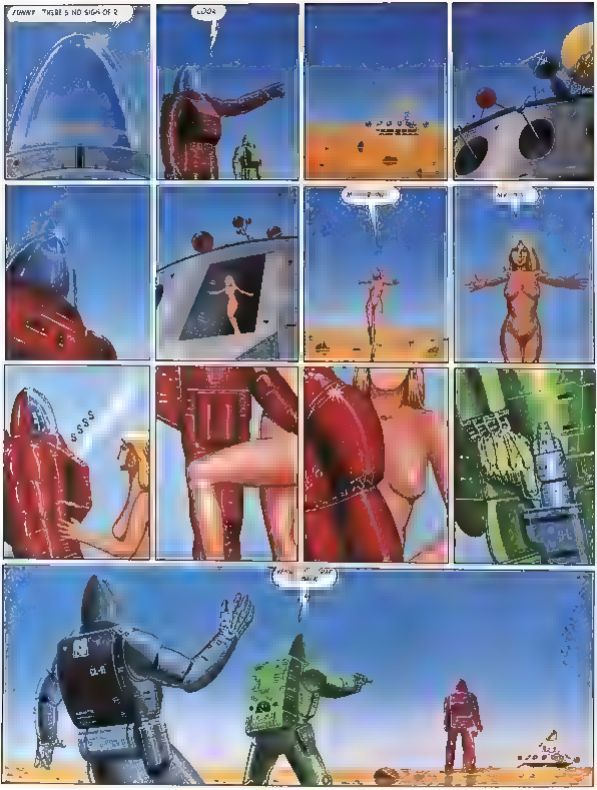
EXPERIMENT WITH THE AIR PUMP

BY ANGUS McKIE


THIS WILL DO IS OK.
AT 20:31HRS. THIS MORNING SEEMS TO HAVE UPSET THE HILDEEN
KNOW BUT THEY MUST GAIN KNOWLEDGE & THEIR ONLY WARRANTY IS SURVIVAL
CONSIDER THIS MAY BE WHAT THEY ARE THE VERY LAST
A MILLION YEARS OF EVOLUTION AND LOOK & END TOMORROW
I CANNOT CONCEIVE OF IT
NEVER WERE IF THE GODS WOULD NOT ALLOW IT
GODS GODS WE GODS DIED WHEN THE ROBOTS CAME
ONLY WE METAL MEN AND THE CHILDREN REMAIN

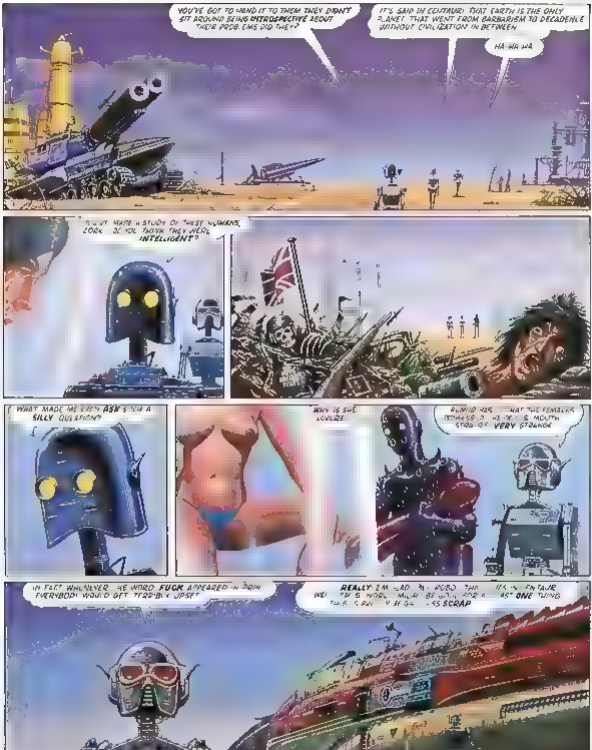
HA HA HEE
AAAAH!
ANYONE WHO TRIES ONE OF HIS BUSINESS IS MURDERED!
SOLD!

I HATE WILD ALIENS CONVERSATION
WE SHOULD HAVE AN HOUR TO FIND THEM LET'S GO
HA HA HA ... DON'T THIS PLEASE DON'T ... FER
DISPOSE OF PROPERLY
COKE
OOH! HA HA HA HA HA
HEY! GLASS !!!
INTENSE HEAT FROM SOME THERMONUCLEAR DEVICE HAS FUSED THE SAND FOR MILES AROUND
RELAX KID THERE'S NOTHING MYSTICAL ABOUT IT
A MOUNTAIN OF DIAMONDS WITH NOBODY ON IT

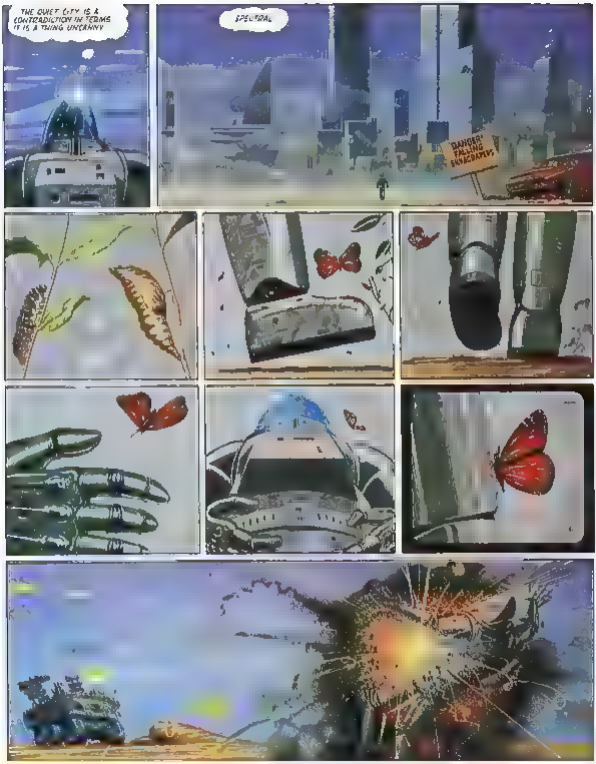

FUNNY. THERE'S NO SIGN OF IT
LOOK!
S-S-S-S

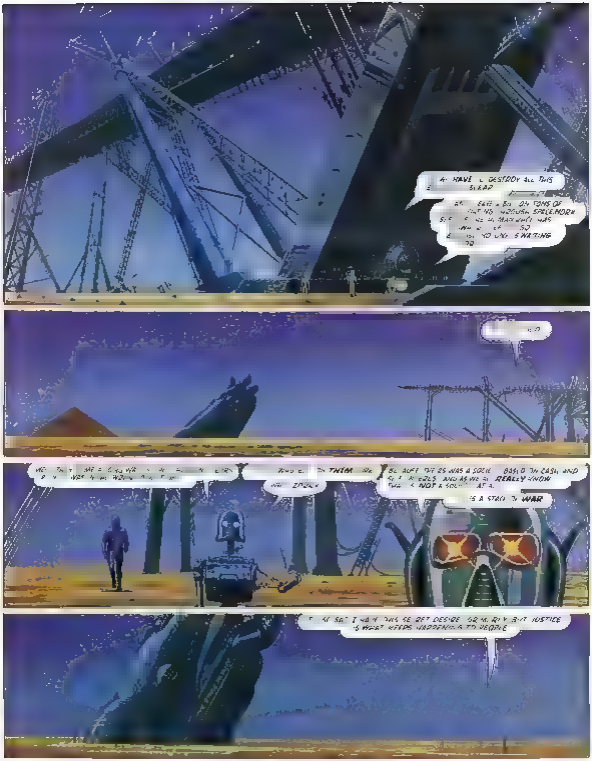
STEP AWAY

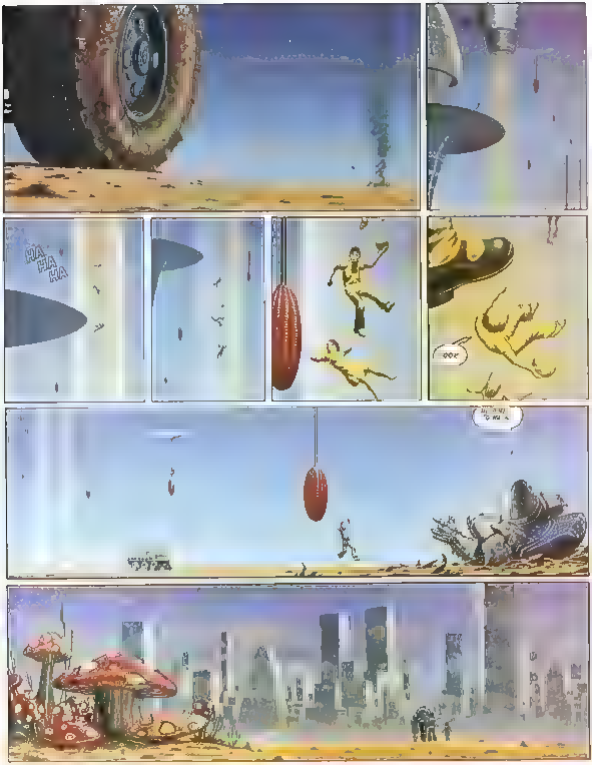
AAAA KILL IT KILL IT
YAAAA
AAAA
TRUTH IS THE

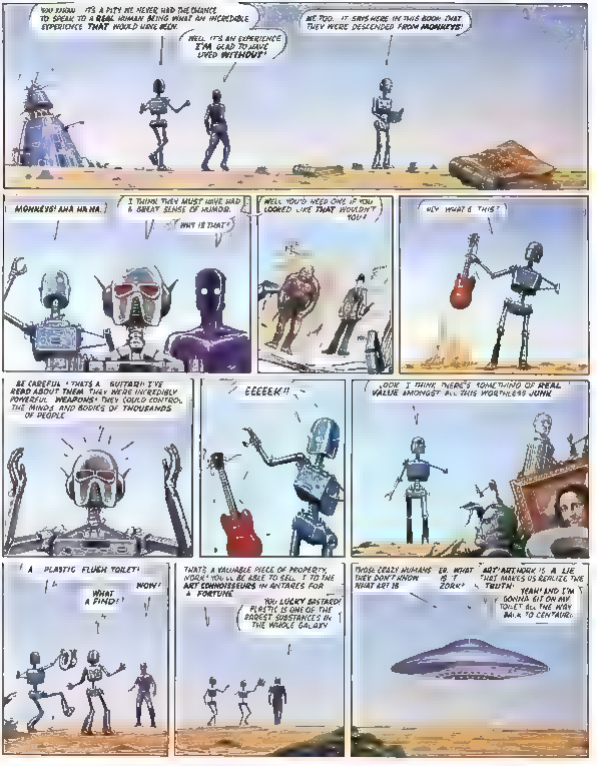


YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THEM THEY DIDN'T SIT AROUND BEING INTROSPECTIVE ABOUT THEIR PROBLEMS DID THEY?
IT'S SAID IN CENTAURI THAT EARTH IS THE ONLY PLANET THAT WENT FROM BARBARISM TO DECADENCE WITHOUT CIVILIZATION IN BETWEEN
HA HA HA
YOU'VE MADE A STUDY OF THESE HUMANS, ZORK. DO YOU THINK THEY WERE INTELLIGENT?
WHAT MADE ME EVEN ASK SUCH A SILLY QUESTION?
WHY IS SHE LOCKED?
RUMOR HAS [illegible] THAT THE FEMALES [illegible] MOUTH [illegible] VERY STRANGE
IN FACT WHENEVER THE WORD FUCK APPEARED IN PRINT EVERYBODY WOULD GET TERRIBLY UPSET
REALLY? I'M GLAD [illegible] CENTAURI. [illegible] WORD MIGHT BE GOOD FOR AT LEAST ONE THING [illegible] SCRAP


THE QUIET CITY IS A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS IT IS A THING UNCANNY
SPECTRAL
DANGER! FALLING DEBRIS!!


AND I HAVE TO DESTROY ALL THIS SCRAP
EACH ONE OF THESE TONS OF METAL NO MATTER HOW SMALL WAS ONCE A PART OF SOMETHING BIGGER
AND NOW I'M WASTING MY TIME
NO!
THIS IS NOT A GAME
WE'RE DEALING WITH REAL PEOPLE
THEY'RE NOT JUST NUMBERS
THEM
BUT THEY'RE NOT JUST ENEMIES
BASED ON CASH AND GREED
STEALTH UNION
THIS IS NOT A SOCIAL AFFAIR
IS A STAKE IN WAR
I'M NOT SURE I CAN'T SAY THAT I'VE GOT DECIDE YET IF I'LL BE ABLE TO GIVE JUSTICE A MUST KEEPS HAPPENING TO PEOPLE


HA HA HA
OOF


YOU KNOW... IT'S A PITY WE NEVER HAD THE CHANCE TO SPEAK TO A REAL HUMAN BEING WHAT AN INCREDIBLE EXPERIENCE THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN.
WELL, IT'S AN EXPERIENCE I'M GLAD TO HAVE LIVED WITHOUT!
ME TOO... IT SAYS HERE IN THIS BOOK THAT THEY WERE DESCENDED FROM MONKEYS!
MONKEYS! AHA HA HA...
I THINK THEY MUST HAVE HAD A GREAT SENSE OF HUMOR.
WHY IS THAT?
WELL YOU'D NEED ONE IF YOU LOOKED LIKE THAT WOULDN'T YOU?
HEY WHAT'S THIS?
BE CAREFUL! THAT'S A GUITAR!! I'VE READ ABOUT THEM. THEY WERE INCREDIBLY POWERFUL WEAPONS! THEY COULD CONTROL THE MINDS AND BODIES OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE
EEEEEK!!
OOH I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING OF REAL VALUE AMONGST ALL THIS WORTHLESS JUNK
A PLASTIC FLUSH TOILET!
WOW!
WHAT A FIND!
THAT'S A VALUABLE PIECE OF PROPERTY, MORA! YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SELL IT TO THE ART CONNOISSEURS IN ANTARES FOR A FORTUNE
YOU LUCKY BASTARD! PLASTIC IS ONE OF THE RAREST SUBSTANCES IN THE WHOLE GALAXY
THOSE CRAZY HUMANS THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT ART IS
ER, WHAT IS IT, ZORK?
ART! ART WORK IS A LIE THAT MAKES US REALIZE THE TRUTH!
YEAH! AND I'M GONNA GET ON MY TOILET ALL THE WAY BACK TO CENTAURI!

GOD THE FIRST GARDEN MADE
BIG WHY ARE YOU MASK OF ME
DEFORMED
HORRIBLE DISFIGURED
IREAD WHAT'S NOT ON THE WALL IS SIX
THAT WHO WAS CALLED WRITING
ABA
INFERNALES
SUPPOSE THE WOMAN HAS ONE CONSOLATION THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IS KNOWN ONLY TO THOSE WHO HAVE FAILED
OUCH I AM AFRAID I AM DYING

IF THERE IS ANYONE LEFT OUT THERE REMEMBER ONE THING GOD WILL NOT JUDGE YOU OVER EGO MEDALS DEGREES OR DIPLOMAS BUT FOR SCARS
LOOK WE WROTE SOMETHING BEFORE WE DIED
LET ME SEE
AND O
THA
WHAT'S
BEAUTIFUL!
ZERO!
WAS GOING
BIG BANG
A MEASLY PATHETIC WHIMPER! NO BIG DESERTING PLANET IN CENTAURI WOULD EVER BLOW UP AT THAT
FAR AWAY FROM
THE CREEPS

"CRAZY AT THIS MOMENT TO TRY AND CHANGE THE WORLD" PURSUITE THE MISANTHROPE

SF by Steve Brown

[illegible] human brain to a sixteenth century Buddhist monk to a thought controlled Transformation Ray. Using the way Red encounters a kaleidoscopic list of weird Fantastic ideas from the fringes of fandom and imagination. He meets Adolf Hitler during the years in the Reich in the small black village. This hangs out with the monk and after a computer with an arena personality constructed in the shape of a paperback copy of Baudelaire's *Flowers of Evil*, an amiable talking machine named Shakespeare [illegible] and much else with the last depicted thousands of years earlier. Red has disguised itself as a fat pot maker in eleventh century Tibet, the Marquise de Sade called a [illegible] and Red's own Randy from Cleveland, who drives the Road in search of a other he has only heard of but never met.

The underpinnings concerns the tiny accretions of memory Red experiences as what it being human can [illegible] to an understanding of his strange and terrible prehistory. Each of these emphasis shake changes Red's perception of his role, until the novel becomes twisted into an unexpectedly different course.

In his Amber novels, Zelazny painted a picture of an immortal race of aristocrats and the universe they created till which our own universe is but the ultimate [illegible] the only [illegible] of many realms in detail. The [illegible] to various permutations in the core of Zelazny's struggle to unseat a less worthy king. In *Roadmarks* he [illegible] us in the version of Amber and its lands with all the scope and background enact, but in 81 slim pages. The author created the universe of the Amber series with [illegible] and the [illegible] in *Roadmarks*, by slight and subtle hints. All of the information is there but it must be carefully unearthed and pieced together by the reader.

I found the first thirty pages enigmatic in the point of incomprehensibility. After that the hints and allusions began to fall into place. When I finished the book I immediately read it through again, and thoroughly enjoyed watching the puzzle pieces hover and glide into position. Zelazny is giving the reader no answers.

In the past, Zelazny has been known for his [illegible] power. His short stories emphasize many [illegible] and [illegible] figures, unique. But in *Roadmarks* he has matured his language to the most part, to a flat narration. In the words of Mark Twain, his compromises of formal eloquence are confined to rare moments. Given the unfettered imagination at work in the book, this becomes quite effective. For example, when you encounter a passage like:

> Screaming windmaps and gold the great dragons of Bel'kinlash drift and twist on the breezes of morning when they race in swarming in their caves. Timeless, shadowy lairs with desires they move their wills across the landscape of dreams and desire

you [illegible] and pay attention. Ignoring this or [illegible] [illegible] the whole story is lost to you. As with the Amber series, reading *Roadmarks* only adds the nuances of the passage quoted earlier.

Zelazny plays a lot of games. The chapters are numbered beginning with two then one, then two again, then one, two, one, etc. giving the book a sense of time. An alarm that goes off in the story. The [illegible] shows up as symbol manifestation of French decadent poetry as a continuing metaphor that the author literally embodies in the form of a [illegible] character. The weirdest hand movement [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] again and with distinct [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with the dreams spoke from Shakespeare

> A: The wind summoned up
> [illegible] to swing [illegible] bursting skirl [illegible]
> Between [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]
> From [illegible] [illegible]

Roadmarks [illegible] of humor [illegible] about the [illegible] inverts all of his dramatic [illegible] particularly the [illegible] Kodomish scene with Red and [illegible] killing [illegible] gathering [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] version of [illegible]. The author's [illegible] pops up on the most [illegible] [illegible] with an [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

DON'T PULL ANY PUNCHES NOW.
WE'LL TELL IT LIKE IT IS!
THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE IT!
YOU BLOW IT AND WE'LL KNOW IT!
HA HA! WHAT A BUNCH OF KUNNERS!
I LOVE ALL OF YOU RANCID SYCOPHANTS!
AND WE LOVE YOU, MISTER GLADWAND!
THEN HOW'M I DOIN'?
YOU'RE A MAN WITH A PLAN!
YOU'RE GIVIN' 'EM MILLS!
YOU'RE DOIN' THE JOB!
YOU'RE SAVIOUR A THOUSAND!

YOU'RE MANNIN' TH' TRENCHES!
YOU'RE KNOCKIN' 'EM DEAD!
AW C'MON, GUYS
YOU'RE HOLDIN' 'EM OFF!
YOU'RE HANGIN' IN!
I KNOW THAT NOISE! I HEARD IT WHEN I WAS IN DIAPERS.
YOU'RE A DECOMPOSING DINGLEBERRY ON THE ANAL HAIRS OF THE COSMOS, GLADHAND!
'H YEAH?
HA HA
HA HA
HA HA
HA HA
HA HA
YOU CAN'T SCARE ME WITH THAT GARBAGE ANYMORE. I'VE EVOLVED TO A HIGHER PLANE!
I'VE GOT FRIENDS!
I PERFORM AN IMPORTANT SERVICE!
I KNOW MY WORTH!
HE'S RIGHT!
HE'S ON THE BALL!
HE'S GOT THE TOUCH!

has been held off. But it is a tendency that can be the kiss of death to the delightfully informal nature of the SF con.

We have a wonderful cottage industry. The SF cons are merely a visible symbol of the seething activity, intense loyalty, and outspokenness of the SF reader — people who make SF the liveliest form of literature in the world today. It would be a real shame to see the Worldcon turned into another version of the ABA.

When I was nine years old, my local library had no SF section as such. I was forced to work my way methodically through the general fiction stacks, carefully studying every title that looked even remotely SF. It took me many months to work my way down to the W's but it was worth the wait. There I found a book by James White called *Hospital Station*.

James White is an Irish author known for his series of stories about Sector General, a tremendous interstellar hospital floating in space (a visual precursor of the "Death Star") with the capability of handling thousands of exotic alien patients. My nine-year-old self was entranced with the ingenuity of White's aliens, from crystalline beings living close to absolute zero to the planet-size person whose cure was "more of a military than a surgical operation." The sheer scope of Sector General, with its level upon vast level of wildly varied environments, is still a vivid memory to me today.

When I found *Ambulance Ship* in the mailbox, a brand-new Sector General book, I put aside the book I was reading and plunged right in with glad cries of anticipation. But, alas, you truly can't go home again.

Ambulance Ship consists of three overlapping novellas about the first hyperspatial ambulance designed to answer distress signals from ships previously unknown to the Galactic Federation, which is based, needless to say, at Sector General. The major characters are old friends of mine: Prilicla, the gentle and fragile insectoid psychologist empath who spends most of its time clinging to the ceiling, out of harm's way; Senior Physician Conway, the Earth human protagonist; Diagnostician Thornnastor, a sort of squat six-legged elephant with an awesome medical reputation. The situations hew to a well-remembered formula: a peculiar alien suffering from something incomprehensible must be cured before time runs out.

The adult me and the inner child had a war over this book. White's writing is flat and lifeless. None of the characters are more than ciphers. The narrative is riddled with people telling each other things they already know but the reader doesn't (the technical term for this is the "as you know," or AYK). The AYK situation gets so bad at times that the characters themselves begin to get annoyed:

> Conway, trying to hide his irritation at being treated as a complete ignoramus in all matters outside his medical specialty...

The first two novellas are dull and lacking in the inventiveness necessary to raise a story above its pedestrian prose. The first involves some humans and a human disease (the flu) that was thought to have been eradicated seven centuries earlier. It would have been rejected as a "Star Trek" script. The middle story is a little more interesting. We have an alien who has apparently managed to contaminate members of four different races with the same respiratory ailment, something that is supposed to be impossible. But this too lacks imagination and resolves as foreseen. It doesn't even address its basic problem. The contamination turns out to be chemical in origin, which still leaves unanswered the question of how this can affect four radically different metabolisms in the same way.

Fortunately for the hi

FLIX by Bhob

the raised surface. When we ran into this emergency I pulled this photograph out and decided that it could be used for an "

of King's writing and innovative paperback covers have been appropriate role

Bhob

Stephen King

like a New York model. She doesn't even look

Bhob He's showing numbness

King: Don't care for that either. It makes the pict

well). There's nothing really exciting about that graphic

Bhob: The long-distance view of the town on th *Salem's Lot* hardback doesn't indicate the book's

King

rather literal minded, kind of nerdy about book

do there is such a thing as being too clever by half.

Bloch: What was on the *Carrie* paperback before the movie tie-in?

King: That cover has gone totally out of print. The original moorchack had no title no author no pictures whatever of any kind on the front cover. It

[illegible] and there's a photograph on what they call the third cover of the same sweet crumpled up mess nothing but guts. I don't know. If that a ever been done before having another picture inside the back jacket. These were photographs [illegible] of flames and a model home that looks as though it was one of those cigarette things crossed over a cardboard

Bloch: The One + One Studios's design for *The* [illegible] was used throughout the series.

King: I like that jacket pretty well. I think that. In a large measure it's been responsible for some of

on the paperback houses. It comes out at the reader because there's so much black. The thing don't like is the photographic effect. He never cared for photographed jackets. I can't really even say why. But they seem too realistic to me. I would have liked that jacket better if it had been that same

[illegible] *Salem's Lot* was the best produced of the Doubleday books. *Night Shift* would be second, and probably *The Shining* third. *The Dead Zone*

[illegible] on brown paper with Led Zeppelin" stamped on

Lot and *Night Shift*, none of the Doubleday books were esthetically well made. They have a rudeness. [illegible] Doubleday books. Even as [illegible]

Dead Zone is really nicely put together. It's got a

Bloch: With *The Dead Zone* having climbed high on the [illegible] list—

King: Wonderful. I love it.

Bloch: Have there been any hint offers

King: Lorimar bought it for *Stephen Pollack* to direct and it would be produced by Paul Monash

[illegible] the ideas that we changed. But its [illegible] get that. They bought it for well in excess of a million dollars. They paid good money

Bloch: In *Strawberry Spring* you wrote about Springheel Jack. The two mentions of Springheel Jack that I've run across seem to indicate that he

King: Yeah. That s him. That s him! My Springheel Jack [illegible] body like that.

Bloch: But you embellished that history.

King: Well, I mean, I did. Robert Bloch has done some of this embellishing, and he [illegible] Springheel Jack in a third context. He s like Phineas T. Barnum as a writer.

Bloch: I think it was a nonfiction UFO book where first encounters a description of him suggesting that he was a creature from outer space. (See Jacques Bergier's *Extraterrestrial Visitations from Prehistoric Times to the Present* from American Library

Bloch: What happened to the *Night Shift* TV [illegible]

King: [illegible]

Bloch: [illegible]

King: [illegible]

Bloch: [illegible]

King: [illegible]

Bloch: But "Battleground" seems more like a short

King: The way this works out is that I can see a lot [illegible] that are [illegible] that I can't see a lot [illegible] that are [illegible] that I can't see a lot [illegible] that are [illegible] that I can't

I'VE PAID MY DUES!
YES, HE ANNY.
WITH HIS HEART!
AND HIS SOUL!
AND HIS SWEAT!
AND HIS ASS!
...SO HOW'M I-??
YOU'RE MAKIN' THE GRADE!
YOU'RE PUTTIN' IT ACROSS!
YOU'RE KEEPIN' THE LID ON IT!
YOU'RE BATTLIN' THE CANDY!
YOU'RE CLEARIN' THE BRICK!
YOU'RE STICKIN' T OUT!
WELL THAT'S GREAT!
CRASH
THAT'S JUST GREAT

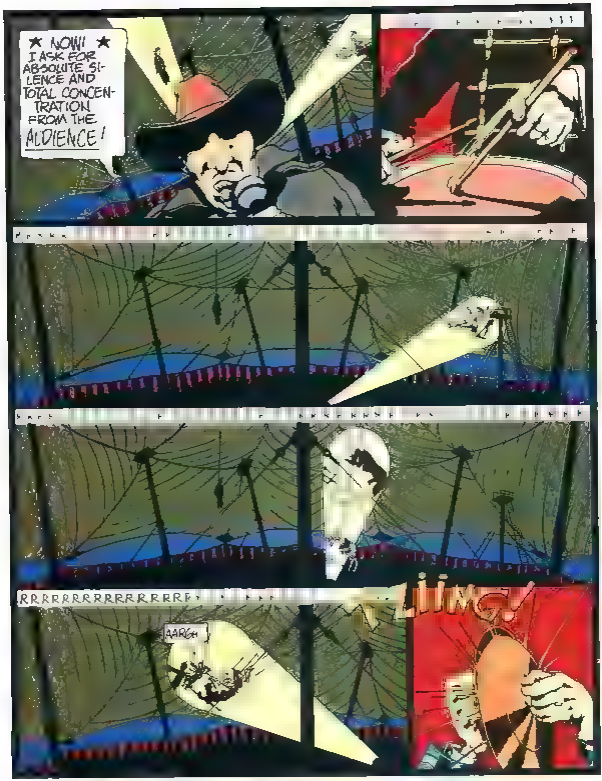
hes old-very old hes old as a beach-comber
no!
what do you mean, no?
not as old as a beachcomber-as old as Herod
Herod?
yes, Herod! hes ancient! that's why I said "old as Herod"
oh, how smart!
no, it's stupid
BRAOUM
BRAOUMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
the circus!

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!
THE CIRCUS ARTEZIMBOLDO WILL GIVE ITS UNIQUE ANNUAL PRESENTATION THIS EVENING AT THE LOUIS FERDINAND BARDANU ★ SQUARE ★
ARTEZIMBOLDO
CIRCUS
ARTEZIMBOLDO
TONIGHT

THIS COSTUME DOESN'T FIT ME ANYMORE. IT'S TIGHT UNDER MY ARM, JOSHUE. IF I'M CAUGHT, I WON'T BE ABLE TO MOVE MY ARM, DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
IT'S IMPORTANT TO BE ABLE TO LIFT MY ARMS!
BUT REALLY, IT FITS YOU VERY WELL
ALT-ZUABLDO

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
TONIGHT YOU WIL HAVE THE CHANCE TO OBSERVE AN EXCEPTIONAL ACT, UNIQUE IN ITS FIELD, WHICH WILL BE EXECUTED FOR YOU AND IN FRONT OF YOU BY AN ARTIST OF INTER-
★ NATIONAL FAME ★
I REFER TO—
Marcelo Degum
JIKE. HERE THIS GENTLE-MAN WHO I'M SURE, WILL BE TOTALLY CHARMED TO AID OUR ACT!
FOR THIS EX-TRAORDINARY ACT TO SUC-CEED, HOWEVER THE CO-OPERATION OF ONE SPECTATOR IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY

SO...LET'S GIVE HIM A ROUND OF AP- PLAUSE
SIR WILL YOU PLEASE ATTEMPT THESE CHARMING PEOPLE TO EQUIP YOU?


★ NOW!! I ASK FOR ABSOLUTE SILENCE AND TOTAL CONCENTRATION FROM THE AUDIENCE!
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
AARGH
LIIING!

★★BRAVO!★★
THANK YOU TO THIS GENTLEMAN WHO SO GRACIOUSLY AGREED TO PARTICIPATE IN THE SPECTACLE TONIGHT!
★ AND, AS THE Baron Pierre de Coubertin SAYS, THE ESSENTIAL IS PARTICIPATION!
AND I'M SURE IT WILL BE A PLEASURE FOR THE GENTLEMAN TO HELP US IN THE NEXT ACT
The great, the unique the fabulous the phenomenal
YANG TSE YANG
AND HIS PLACE OF MASTERY AND MAGIC?
?TONKINOISE?

KZING
AND NOW, THE FIERY THE GRACEFUL, THE CHARMING DESTROYER OF ZOAR... MISS SAVAGE!
SIR! I'M SURE YOU ARE BURNING WITH DESIRE TO ASSIST IN THIS FANTABULOUS ACT!!!
KZING
KZING

AND SO THE SPECTACLE ENDS, WE HOPE THAT WE HAVE ENTERTAINED YOU WITH OUR AMUSEMENTS AND LONG LIVE THE ARTISTS WHO WORKED TONIGHT FOR THE JOY OF BOTH THE YOUNG AND THE OLD
WITHOUT DISPLEASING ANYONE THE CREWS IS NOT DEAD, I'S CERTAINLY LIVING!
THANK YOU, THANK YOU ... ALL OF YOU.
LONG LIVE THE BIG TOP!

ME I LIKED LAST YEAR'S BETTER - WAS A LOT MORE AMUSING
OH YES THAT'S WHEN I GOT OUT OF JAIL
THAT WAS FUNNY! PIGOT WITH HIS STUMP ALL COVERED WITH BLOOD!
HA HA HA
STOP COMPLAINING ABOUT THIS YEAR WAS JUST AS GOOD SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO KEEP TALKING ABOUT HOW GREAT LAST YEARS WAS JUST BECAUSE YOU WERE THERE
THIS IS NOT A ONE OFF LIKE ANYWAY IN THE FUTURE ONE MUST HAVE BLOOD AND E NOT
STOP GETTING HISTORICAL PIGOT I ONLY CAME IN ONCE
SO WHAT I MISSED IT
ITS JUST THAT ONE TIME A YEAR IS NOT VERY MUCH
EVERYONE'S ALWAYS SAD AFTERWARDS
A YEAR IS A LONG TIME I THINK
YOU'RE STILL SORE I HADN'T TASKED YOU AS WE
WHEN DO YOU THINK OUR TURN WILL COME?
I DON'T KNOW I GUESS WHEN WE'RE GROWN-UP
END

AN IMMORTAL SHERLOCK HOLMES
A DEATHLESS JACK THE RIPPER
IN A FANTASY DUEL
THROUGH THE CORRIDORS OF TIME.
AN EAST WIND COMING
ARTHUR BYRON COVER

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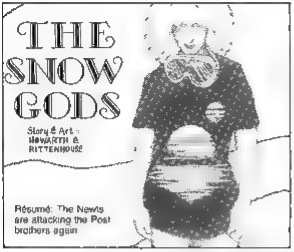
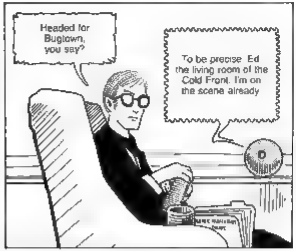
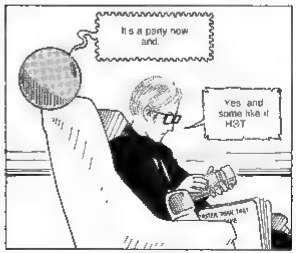

THE SNOW GODS
Story & Art - HOWARTH & RITTENHOUSE
Résumé: The Newts are attacking the Post brothers again


Headed for Bugtown, you say?
To be precise Ed the living room of the Cold Front. I'm on the scene already

The party never stops at the Cold Front house. We're into a lot more than just drugs here
You never know who'll show up!
Savage Henry sez allo

Excuse me gentlemen - but would any of you care for a particularly dirty nuke ?
Why is one on the way?

How dirty is it?
Virgin mind.


It's a party now and.
Yes and some like it HOT

It is going to warm up pretty damn fast. This baby measures the highest roentgen levels in the last sixty years.
Where'd the bird go Ron?
Don't ask me. I'm busy! It was here a sec ago.
Has anyone seen the sacrificial bird around?
Oops. this isn't it is it ?
Shit, says here we need a live bird to appease the Earth Mother—swell.
Now Caroline's killed the bird too early think that girl has a serious problem.
Max I want to send a postcard.
Caroline, is that my bird?

You know what happens when I don't get my bird —ugh?
Postcard for Miss Hiroshima the Earth Mother
Dear Prof Ed, Thank you for your card. Sending me placement was so much
LEE HO PATT (F.M.)
Cold Front
Bugtown
Sector R
Prof Ed
People are always bombing our house trying to kill me or Russ mostly trying to kill me though
A bomb on the way
A mighty bird for me? Yes huh. Thank you
She sends her gratitude
The life of the party it doesn't take much to keep some people happy

Lost Lands, Mythical Kingdoms, and Unknown Worlds

by Val Warren

This book is for those who are growing old without growing up who have a lingering taste for the unexpected and exotic. It is an excursion into the realm of cinematic fantasy through wondrous worlds of fairies and monsters jungle lords and star lords, shadow lands and golden kingdoms a trip to the fabulous and imaginary universe called *the movies*

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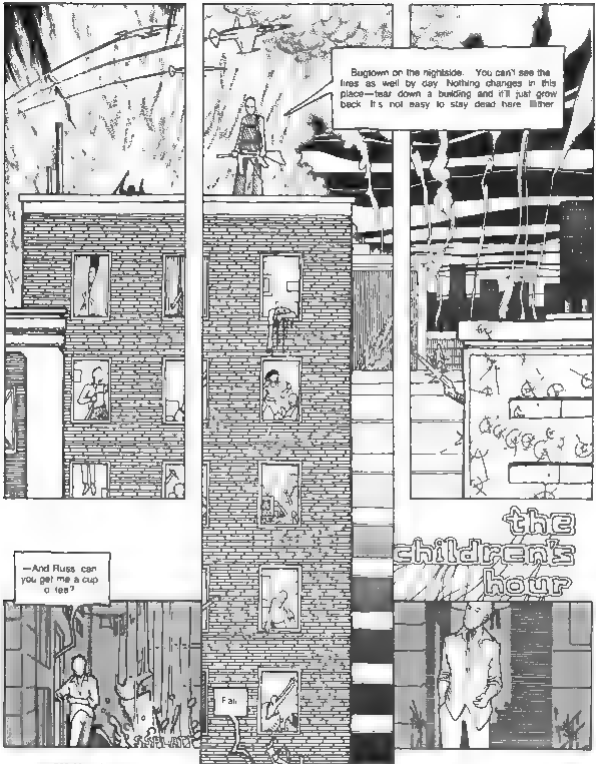
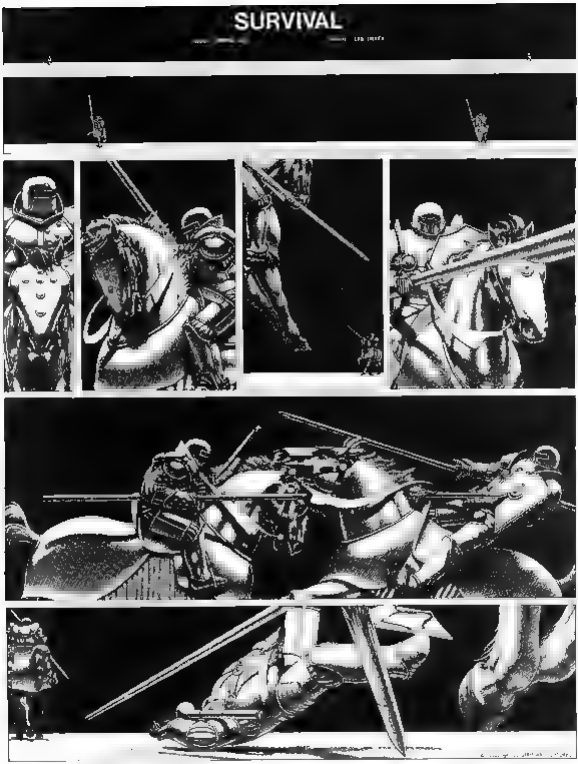
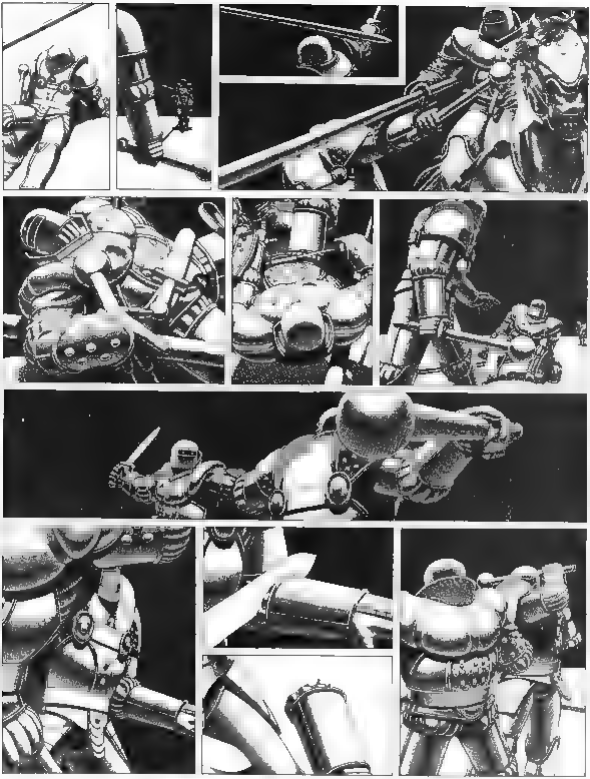

Bugtown on the nightside. You can't see the lines as well by day. Nothing changes in this place—tear down a building and it'll just grow back. It's not easy to stay dead here. Blither
the children's hour
—And Russ, can you get me a cup o' tea?
FOR ROBIN—

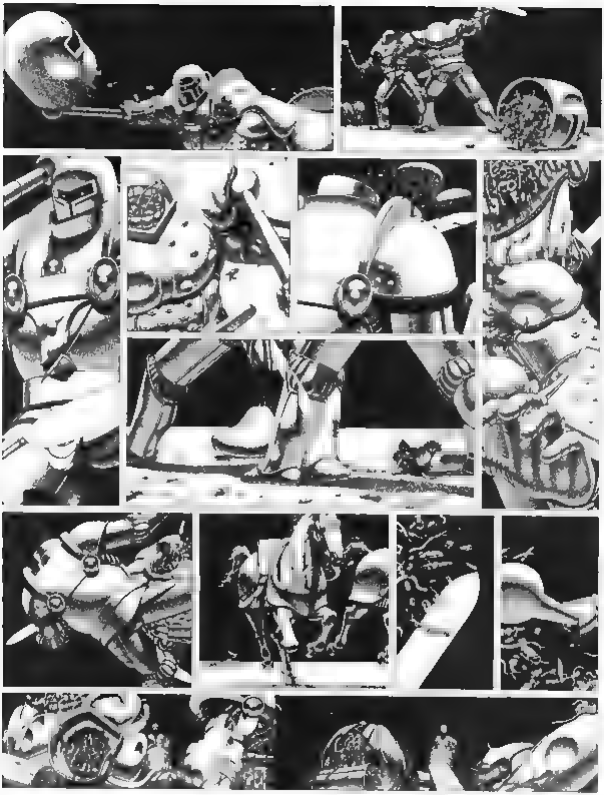
© 1980 Matt Howarth

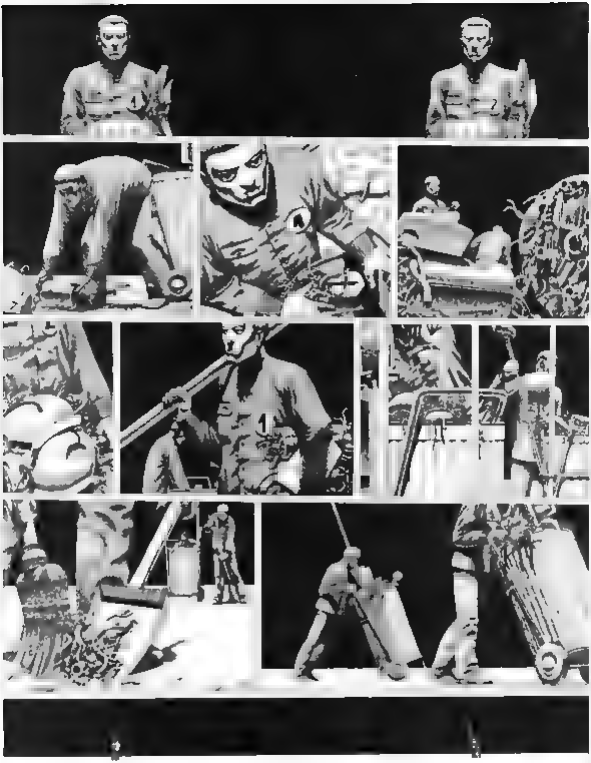
Jesse look what Andy sees: an unarmed tivin is cross'n road!
Yes Russ I can sympathize with your position, but I am busy with a matter in Sector O. You'll have to find a gun or Caroline'll just have to do without
ALL THE BUCKS STOP HERE
Shit!
BANG
Your friend Ed has more important things going on in the West Hills right now!
Don't worry about it. We can do something else
I'm sure she'll think of something else
Skree—to repeat our ultimatum to the established power in Bugtown—
I keep tellin' ya —there ain't none!
And we have Monsieur Boche prisoner and we'll tell him if we do not hear from you

Your Bugtown is so huge it must have a government to overthrow!
Meet your new ruler
Henry - nice to see you back in town
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
Hi Ed Fancy my returning in time to save Boche and liberate my conquered hometown
And you'd better acknowledge my victory before Boche—
Yes isn circumstantial evidence curious Leave his army alone though Henry please?
Their panic will spice up the areas they've razed in their attack
Anarchy is Bugtown's only rule
—Chee:
Now what am I going to do about the free riots in the Sector D hills—?
BANG BANG AND BANG AGAIN
It may stop but it never ends


SURVIVAL





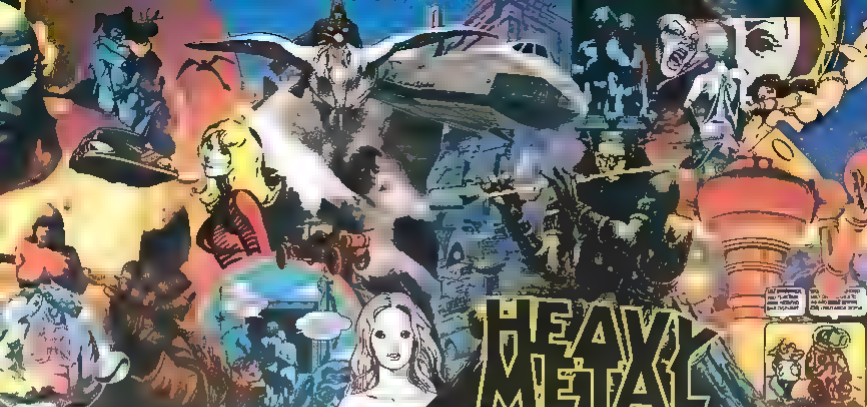


1
2

THE ROAD TO RUIN

2
2
WHAT ARE YOUR SINS, MY BROTHER? I AM LISTENING TO YOU
IT'S DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN, LITTLE BROTHER. BUT I THINK I'M IN LOVE
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT?

IT'S VERY SIMPLE. FOR A WEEK NOW I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SLEEP. I CAN'T EAT. CAN'T WORK. AND I PASS THE TIMES STARING AT GIRLS IN THE STREET
TELL ME. IS IT SERIOUS, LITTLE BROTHER? CAN I SHARE IT?
THE COURT WILL DECIDE YOUR CASE WHILE WAITING I'LL PRAY FOR YOUR REDEMPTION
PARDON REFUSED
RESERVED FOR ANDROIDS
THIS WAY, MY GOOD FELLOW!
YOU KNOW, IT'S THE SAME EVERY YEAR! AS SOON AS SPRING COMES, THERE'S NO LONGER ANY WAY TO TELL THEM APART...
TEXT PIERRE DE LA VARENDE ART BILAL



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 1977 The Collector's Edition with the debut of Moebius's Arzach, Corben's Den, Bilal's Sunset, and more ($4.00)

#2/JULY 1977 Lots of Moebius: Arzach plus part one of The Long Tomorrow and the final installment of Sunset ($3.00)

#3/OCTOBER, 1977 Kirbish by Theodore Sturgeon. Moebius's Airtight Garage, Den, and Pollonius redux yet more ($3.00)

#4/JANUARY 1978 Moebius illustrates Zelazny tale and Richard Corben storyboards Conquering Arthurs, concludes Den, continues ($3.00)

#5/MAY 1977 Russian astronauts, Ruger the perverted puppet, Conquering Arthurs, the ultimate rock review, and more ($4.00)

#6/AUGUST, 1977 The saga of Pollonius begins. The Long Tomorrow, den Dudes, and The World Apart and Den continue ($3.00)

#7/NOVEMBER, 1977 New Harlan Ellison fiction, rare dada pages by Moebius, and Pornoduo conclusions for Pollonius and World Apart ($3.00)

#8/FEBRUARY 1978 New adventures of Richard's wraparound lover and zombie sprayed by Nazi plus Moebius, Corben, et al ($3.00)

#9/MARCH, 1978 Swashbuckling Crom makes a debut, cautious of Gully Morrow, and there's more Barbarella, more Den, and yet more Den ($3.00)

#10/JUNE, 1978 Moebius, Rockabye, the high, present, Shelly, the beginning of Daniel, World Apart, Moebius, Corben, Radio more ($3.00)

#11/SEPTEMBER, 1977 Roger Zelazny has a short story, Moebius a space opera plus more World Apart, Den, and Pollonius ($3.00)

#12/DECEMBER, 1977 Extra pages to the complete Wizard by Druillet. Fantasies & Fear by Chaykin and West, plus full color contributions from Corben, Macedo, Cuneiform, and Moebius ($3.00)

#13/APRIL 1978: Our first anniversary issue. A thirty-page feast from Paradox, Vaughn Bodē and Barbarella goes wild when Dan wakes it up! ($3.00)

#14/JULY 1978: A happy ending for Barbarella - a sad ending for 1998 - the resurrection of Druillet's Gail - yet more Herriman, Crumb, Silver Streak Thomas, and Corben's Arabian Nights! ($3.00)

#15/OCTOBER 1978: "Erotomorphic"! Eikon's Illustrated Classic Corben - the debut of Mayerik's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous" - plus the usual! ($3.00)

#16/NOVEMBER 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin Empire - more Druillet - Metamorphoses - Major Druillet - Herriman's final rebirth - more! ($3.00)

#17/AUGUST 1978: Sorry--SOLD OUT

#18/SEPTEMBER 1978: Corben's "Sindbad" - Moebius's Major Inversion - Chaykin's Lone Star - Corben's Gal - and Harlan Ellison's too! ($3.00)

#19/OCTOBER 1978: "Erotomorphic"! - Eikon's Illustrated Classic Corben - the debut of Mayerik's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous" - plus the usual! ($3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin Empire - more Druillet - Metamorphoses - Major Druillet - Herriman's final rebirth - more! ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER 1978: The shocking's full with Crumb - Richard Corben - Bruce Jones and Heathe Moebius! ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY 1979: Trina makes her debut here and Druillet concludes Gail plus Moebius and Corben! How much can you take? ($3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: Galactic Geographic - Starcrash - Corben's Sindbad - Mayerik's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous" - plus Moebius, Bilal and Marcello ($3.00)

#24/MARCH, 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination" - Sharpwire II - and Eikonna less show ($3.00)

#25/APRIL 1979: Our second birthday bash with Chaykin's "Golem/Faust, and Alain portfolio. Val Mayerik's Terra Out, more ($3.00)

#26/JULY 1979: Vaughn Bodē's "Cavewoman" - Richard Corben's "Sindbad" - Jean Giraud's "Moebius" - Bilal's "Exterminator 17" - Philippe Druillet's "Salammbo" - Howard Chaykin's "Cody of the Pecos River" - Bruce Jones' "Through Deepest Darkness" - Berni Wrightson's "Frankenstein" - Richard Corben's "Neverwhere" - Jeffrey Jones' "Aztec Mummy" - Michael Kaluta's "The Shadow" - Barry Windsor-Smith's "Conan" - Mike Ploog's "Rima, the Jungle Girl" - Alex Toth's "Zorro" - Frank Frazetta's "Death Dealer" - Gray Morrow's "Indiana Jones" - Neal Adams' "Batman" - Jack Kirby's "Captain America" - Steve Ditko's "Spiderman" - Will Eisner's "The Spirit" - Milton Caniff's "Steve Canyon" - Alex Raymond's "Flash Gordon" - Hal Foster's "Prince Valiant" - Lee Falk's "The Phantom" - Chester Gould's "Dick Tracy" - George Herriman's "Krazy Kat" - Winsor McCay's "Little Nemo in Slumberland" - Frank King's "Gasoline Alley" - Rudolph Dirks' "The Katzenjammer Kids" - Richard F. Outcault's "The Yellow Kid" - George Carlin - Cheech & Chong - Lily Tomlin - Richard Pryor - Steve Martin - Robin Williams - Woody Allen - Mel Brooks - Monty Python - Firesign Theatre - Lenny Bruce - Bill Cosby - Flip Wilson - Redd Foxx - Rodney Dangerfield - Don Rickles - Jonathan Winters - Sam Kinison - Andy Kaufman - Steve Allen - Jack Benny - Fred Allen - Jack Paar - Johnny Carson - Merv Griffin - Mike Douglas - Dick Cavett - David Letterman - Tom Snyder - Phil Donahue - Sally Jessy Raphael - Oprah Winfrey - Geraldo Rivera - Morton Downey Jr. - Sean Penn - Madonna - Cher - Bette Midler - Barbra Streisand - Diana Ross - Tina Turner - Aretha Franklin - Gladys Knight - Patti LaBelle - Whitney Houston - Anita Baker - Janet Jackson - Prince - Michael Jackson - Lionel Richie - Kenny Rogers - Willie Nelson - Waylon Jennings - Hank Williams Jr. - Merle Haggard - Johnny Cash - Dolly Parton - Tammy Wynette - Loretta Lynn - Conway Twitty - George Jones - Ronald Reagan - Jimmy Carter - Gerald Ford - Richard Nixon - Lyndon Johnson - John F. Kennedy - Dwight D. Eisenhower - Harry S. Truman - Franklin D. Roosevelt - Herbert Hoover - Calvin Coolidge - Warren G. Harding - Woodrow Wilson - William Howard Taft - Theodore Roosevelt - William McKinley - Grover Cleveland - Benjamin Harrison - Chester A. Arthur - James A. Garfield - Rutherford B. Hayes - Ulysses S. Grant - Andrew Johnson - Abraham Lincoln - James Buchanan - Franklin Pierce - Millard Fillmore - Zachary Taylor - James K. Polk - John Tyler - William Henry Harrison - Martin Van Buren - Andrew Jackson - John Quincy Adams - James Monroe - James Madison - Thomas Jefferson - John Adams - George Washington - Benjamin Franklin - Thomas Paine - John Hancock - Paul Revere - Samuel Adams - Patrick Henry

NASH THE SLASH

[illegible]

[illegible] paired and tuned exactly like the four strings on the violin. Unlike a twelve-string guitar, where the paired strings are tuned an octave apart, the paired strings on the mandolin are tuned to the same note. [illegible]

[illegible] difference between a band like King Crimson and a band like Yes. Yes didn't use power chords. [illegible]

This philosophy also underlies the split that [illegible] first recorded, FM.

[illegible] first band, Breathless, with whom he played for [illegible]

[illegible] Detectives Think? made in [illegible] and in it they're the detectives and they're tracking down this criminal who is called Nash the Slash. It was perfect.

[illegible] FM. A year later they expanded to a trio, adding Martin Deller on drums. In November 977 they [illegible]

copies and went gold. (Unfortunately, GRT subsequently went bankrupt, depriving the group of a portion of its earnings.) Although the album got little airplay here, it also enjoyed a modest success in the U.S. But by then Nash had left FM to pick up the solo career again. He left the trio, in fact, only a month after *Black Noise* was recorded in [illegible]

[illegible] parallels. I was pursuing a King Crimson thing, and Cameron was into a Yes thing. Power chords again.

FM has recorded two subsequent albums, using Nash's friend, Ben Mink, whom he introduced to the band, as his replacement on violin and mandolin. One was a limited pressing, direct-to-disk album, which is difficult to find. The other was the very recently released *Surveillance* on Arista.

Nash recorded a twelve-inch EP, *Bedside Companion*, and set up his own label, Cut Throat Records, to release it. When you can find it, it's in the import bins. Nash set up his own independent distribution for the record.

He released a full album, *Dreams and Nightmares*, also on Cut Throat, in late [illegible] and he plans [illegible] to be released in [illegible] *Dreams and Nightmares* does not reflect [illegible] made up of music [illegible] the past couple of years for visual shows—paintings by Rob Vanderhorst, photos by Paul Till, some dance pieces—and my own sound track for the classic film, *Un Chien Andalou*. No vocals, all instrumental."

Nash has two—at least—vocal approaches in his live show: lyrics and wordless falsetto screams (enhanced by an octave splitter that gives him an extra-high range). "My next album will be made up of live material, the stuff I do in my shows, like 'Children of the Night' and [illegible]. The latter combines an insane boogie beat with electronics. Then, as a sort of companion album [illegible] oddball stuff like the Kinks' 'Who'll Be the Next in Line?', Jan and Dean, that sort of thing." He grins.

Nash not only records himself, he is his own manager. He is, in nearly every sense, a one-man band, although he gives full credit to Stephen Pollard for his stage show visuals and to his [illegible] should be a small, mobile, independent unit at heart, and he has already achieved considerable [illegible] himself.

Nash the Slash [illegible]. It is to be hoped that the eighties will be ready for him.

[illegible]

Photograph by Brad Balfour

MUZICK by Lou Stathis

[illegible]

[illegible] loudness and power, achievable only with amplification. Rok has done a better job than science fiction of keeping itself [illegible] directing its vision in the forward direction, but by also looking outward and actively assimilating external influences. Rok began as a bastard form and it will live only so long as it interbreeds with other forms. That's been the course of its history so far: alternating periods of [illegible] mainstream artists ignore what's going on around them, and then suddenly discover that those obnoxious [illegible] might actually have something there after all. The old farts then either steal the upstarts' licks and co-opt their success, or produce the snotty kids' records and force record company people (not noted for their foresight) into releasing them. Or, equally as likely, someone new comes along [illegible] the innovation more palatable to the mass [illegible] and consequently makes a bundle.

Dragging this rok/SF parallel still further, both have seen a [illegible] points of maturity. I don't mean stylistic diversification; that happens from the very beginning, but the [illegible] Blondie, Generation X, 999, Ramones, *Han Solo at [illegible] End*, anything by Alan Dean Foster, and, for that matter, just about any SF published by Del Rey Books), and the stuff for adults (preferably adults with some sparks in their synapses) (King Crimson, Ultravox, Eno, Magazine, Peter Hammill and Van der Graaf Generator, Brian Aldiss, J. G. Ballard, Ian Watson, Christopher Priest, Algis Budrys, D. G. Compton and Philip K. Dick). Especially interesting are the rare examples who actually grow before our eyes from one division into the other in the course of their respective careers: Michael Moorcock, David Bowie, the Beatles (who single-handedly pulled rok into adulthood), John Brunner, Frederik Pohl, Robert Wyatt, Peter Townshend, and Robert [illegible].

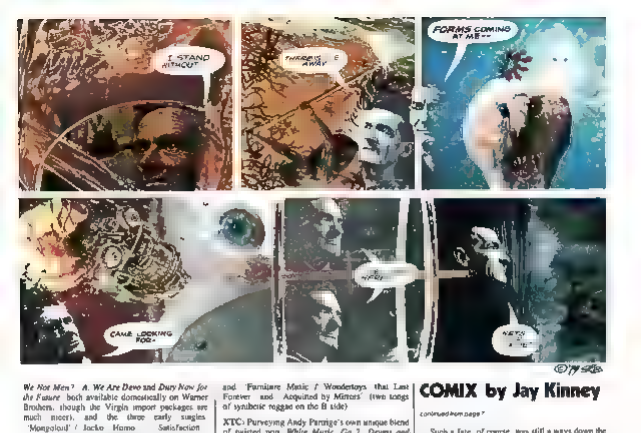
The most interesting [illegible] muzick being made today is made by [illegible] adults who have [illegible] a balanced integration of all that is adult and all that is adolescent in rok: the fusion of energy and intellect. These esteemed personages are also mutant-assimilators—humans who can digest and utilize new technologies, disparate musical philosophies, and present intimate interdisciplinary modes of thought. As any authentic outlaw art must be, rok is constantly changing, always different, never formalized—there is always that bubbling undercurrent of malevolence, always something to make the complacent nervous. Around us are [illegible] a bewildering assortment of [illegible] practicing the form, almost as many practitioners as there are styles, most of them [illegible] at least uninterested in what the others [illegible] doing. No question in my mind that rok will have continuing relevance through the '80s and beyond. Not in its currently recognizable form, no doubt, but it'll be rok, alright. What'll it sound [illegible] certainly don't know, but my guess is that in [illegible] at least, it will be some mixture of [illegible] dance muzick, and [illegible] electronics. Keep your ears clean.

Duty Now for the Future

The 980 Future Mutant's Core Record Collection

Eno: The Man. Anything. Period.

Devo: The pioneers of punk futurism. As hilarious as they are interesting, and a gas to watch. *Q: Are*



We Not Men? A, We Are Devo and *Duty Now for the Future* both available domestically on Warner Brothers, though the Virgin import packages are much nicer), and the three early singles "Mongoloid" / Jocko Homo Satisfaction / Sloppy," and "Be Stiff" / Social Fools

David Bowie: Getting on in years, but can still answer the door. *Low. Heroes.* and *The Lodger* - his last three, and best, courtesy of massive pills of Benzedrenium.

Ultravox: One of the first bands to tone their instruments to Enzine. *Ultravox!* (domestic island label, discontinued), *Ha, Ha, Ha* (import Island, difficult to find), *Systems of Romance* a masterpiece domestic Antilles), numerous singles "Rockwrok / Hiroshima, Mon Amour Young Savage / Slipaway and a truly amazed live EP called Save Retro They have since been dumped by Island in the UK and have changed socialists.

Magazine: Howard Devoto's paranoid alienation set to a dreamlike, Roxyesque score. *Real Life* and *Secondhand Daylight* (both domestic Virgin International) and some savage singles: Shot by Both Sides / My Mind Ain't so Open. "Touch and Go / Goldfinger. "Give Me Everything" / I Love You, You Big Dummy. "Rhythm of Cruelty / The Baby (all imports)

Gary Numan and Tubeway Army: The man who has turned the End/Beserk/Ultravox sound into a chart success in UK. *Replicar* (domestic Atco, Beggars Banquet). *The Pleasure Principle* (import Beggars Banquet only at this point, but probably domestic by the time you read this). Two great singles Are Friends Electric /"We Are so Fragile and Cars /" Metal Beat.

Bill Nelson's Red Noise: Former leader of Be Bop Deluxe comes out of the closet. Obviously he's been listening to some Eno and new wave. A bit studied but rewarding nonetheless. *Sounds on Sound* (domestic Capitol, dumped just after its release) and Furniture Music / Wonderboys that Last Forever and Acquitted by Mirrors" (two songs of synthesic reggae on the B side)

XTC: Purveying Andy Partridge's own unique blend of twisted pop. *White Music Go 2. Drums and Wire* (all imported Virgin, the third on Virgin/ Atlantic) and at least half a dozen spectacular singles

Talking Heads: Minimal dance musick that even readers of *Rolling Stone* can sing their feet to. *Talking Heads, 77 More Songs* (plus *Buildings and Food*, and *Fear of Music* (all on Sire). The first is wimpy and boring, the following two are fascinating and catchy twish The Man pressding)

The Contortions and/or **James White and the Blacks:** New wave discomfort led by an obnoxious asshole who also calls himself James Chance An intriguing tension-ridden display. *Buy Contortions* and James White and the Blacks. *Off White* both domestic on ZE/Antilia

The Urban Verbs: From our nation's capital and eponerly in the Roxy mold. Album probably released on Warner Brothers by the time you read this.

The Normal: One of the great electronpunk singles of all time. "TVOD / Warm Leatherette domestic Sire.

The Silicon Teens: This is electropop Memphis Tennessee" /"Let's Dance to Mute Records import)

Cowboys International: Bouncy pop-dance musick with an electronic chaser. *Original Sin* (Virgin import).

Pere Ubu: Twisted new wave/Captain Beefheart from Cleveland. *The Modern Dance* (Blank Records. hard to find). *Dub Housing* (domestic Chrysalis) and *New Picnic Time* (import Chrysalis only at this point)

More next time

COMIX by Jay Kinney

continued from page 7

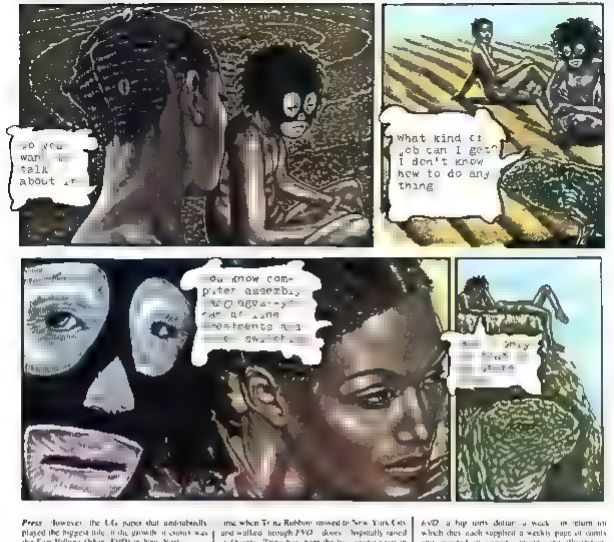
Such a fate, of course was still a ways down the road in 1965 and 1966 as the idea of a countercultural - an alternative oppositional culture challenging the mainstream was just forming.

JFK's assassination, the Watts and Detroit riots and the growing Vietnam War had already assured a break with the repressed calm of the fifties. Sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll (the three holy/lunatic/saints of the apocalypse) were to guarantee that there would be no turning back.

It was probably only natural that the young cartoonists, whose beginnings in Saturn Fandom and the college humor magazines of the early sixties would end up in the countercultures. The cartoonists penchant for social satire and slick humor found them few outlets for their work in the conservative world of slick publishing. The underground (UG) Press which sprung up in the major cities around 1966, welcomed them with open arms.

The UG Press of course was never really 'underground' in the sense of "secret and clandestine," yet the paranoid camaraderie of early dope smokers, teadheads, and war protesters lent a certain credence to the term - and it stuck. Linked by the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS), the UG papers could reprint and feed from each other without charge, a practice that led to work by Crumb, Shelton, Williamson and others being read all over the country by millions of people. Financial rewards were usually nonexistent, but the exposure seemed to make up for it.

In Berkeley Joel Beck and John Thompson entrenched for the *Berkeley Barb*, one of the earliest and most sensationalist UG papers. In Chicago Jay Lynch and Skip Williamson drew comix and covers for the *Chicago Seed*. Ron Cobb penned the best political cartoons of the decade for the *LA Free*


so you want to talk about it
what kind of job can I get? I don't know how to do anything
we know computer assembly is happening out of the continents and in Switch
Now

Press however, the UG paper that undubitedly played the biggest role in the growth it owned was the *East Village Other EVO*) in New York.

EVO was founded in late 965 by Walter Bowart, John Wilcock and others living in the budding cultural scene on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. Early on it distinguished itself from the increasingly staid *Village* voice by reveling in Alfred Jarry's *pataphysics* apocalyptic visions visceral writing and chaotic layout. It was a heady brew and a vital ingredient was comix.

Bil Beckhmann's Captain High and Patsyba's Gentle's Trip out along with occasional strips by Bowart himself (signed S. Dangerfield's were *EVO*'s first comix in 65 and 66. At this point Spain Rodriguez a Marxist member of the Road Vultures Motorcycle Club out of Buffalo New York began visiting *EVO* periodically and doing spot illos. Spain's art was still crude but Bowart saw possibilities and commissioned him to do a whole comic book. *Zodiak Mindwarp* was the result a one shot comix tabloid that came out in late 66. *Zodiak*'s tales were disappointing but Spain became an *EVO* regular his style improving by leaps and bounds over the course of the next year.

The summer of 66 was the season in the "main Spoonful's "Summer in the City" it was also the time when Tee Robbins moved to New York City and walked through *EVO* doors. Originally raised in Queens, Trina had spent the last several years in Los Angeles designing clothes for rock stars and the burgeoning musical scene there. Jean Mitchell's aficionados may have noticed that Trina is one of the ladies of the canyon in Joni's song. In New York Jae opened a successful boutique called Broccoli on East Fourteenth Street and contributed the curious adventures of Suzy Slumpodders to *EVO*.

By early 67 the East Village was thriving in its scruffy way. Head shops and vegetarian restaurants were firmly wedged in between old Ukrainian social clubs and Puerto Rican groceries. Spain moved in the neighborhood for good and Jim Fitzsch also arrived. Fitzsch the son of the creator of the Tom Terrific cartoons and an old friend of Bill Griffith's from art school days in 67 decided on his own brand of comix and originated Sunshine Graf for *EVO*. Sunshine was literally a flower child with a strange sunflower-like head. There were plenty of psychedelic optical effects floating out of the panels. Given the tenor of the strip it was probably not totally coincidental that Sunshine shared her name with a favored brand of LSD.

Eventually Kim and Spain were put on salary at *EVO* a big step's dollars a week in return for which they each supplied a weekly page of comix and assisted in layout, design, and illustration. Spain created his militant Freshman Agent of the 60th Infantry a classically macho revolutionary hero, battling a fascist police state of the future. Kim produced a host of characters including Waldo the Cat, Uncle Bal the India Rubber Man who bore a distinct likeness to the Michelin tire man, and the laughing Cow a cheese trademark now converted into a Cheshire catlike archetype.

Meanwhile all hell was breaking loose in San Francisco. Copious amounts of acid had triggered an outpouring of hallucinogenic music and art. The rock shows at the Avalon and Fillmore were weekly places to be and, as mentioned in the last issue of *HM* the posters on the shows often stole the music, itself left lush hypnotic beauty. In contrast to the mainstream graphic design of the time that emphasized clear stark type and photos geometrically arranged on a Swiss-conceptualized grid system the rock posters radiated hand lettering, sensuous organic design and electric color clashes. After seeing the art of Rick Griffin, Wayne Mosesso and Rick Griffin it was hard to tell whether the eidetic images one saw with closed eyes on acid just happened to resemble their

flashing designs, or whether these are had forever after influenced one's hallucinations

Posters were booming, and it soon became apparent that as much money could be made from selling the posters for the events as from the events themselves. The Print Mint originally a fine art print store in Berkeley was one of the local firms to get into poster sales in a big way A national distribution network of head shops, poster outlets and bookstores was developed a network that would come in handy when the Print Mint started publishing UG comix

All this graphic excitement had a way of attracting artists hoping to make their mark in San Francisco. Robert Crumb was perhaps the most famous immigrant, but there were others Many of them ended up helping build the UG comix movement. Greg Irons expelled from high school in Pennsylvania arrived in early '67 and produced posters for local concerts and events before setting off for Europe Jim Osborne, quitting his position as management trainee with W T Grant's in Texas came to town as irons left and soon became one of the four of the new cartoonists

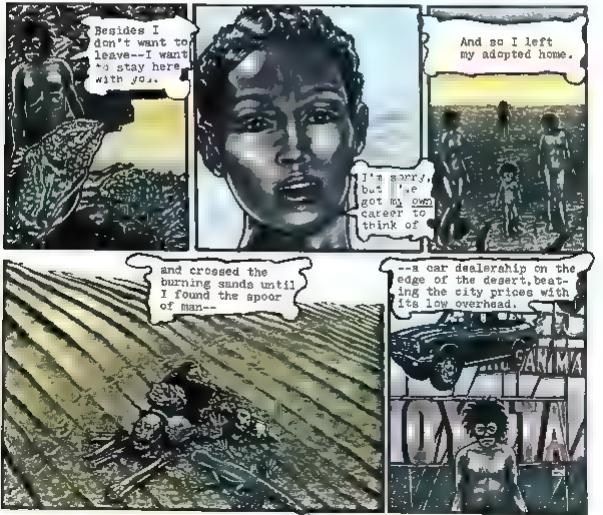
1967 was also the year that John Thompson moved to the Bay Area. John had been an art major and political cartoonist for the school paper at UC Davis as well as active in antiwar and Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee politics After he began tripping in early '67 his cartoon subject matter increasingly shifted from the political to the mystical and visionary John was a prolific poster artist for local events and in mid-October he did four prints for the Print Mint surreal cityscapes populated with naked cyclopes One of these prints was to become the cover of his *The Kingdom of Heaven Is Within You* comic published by the Print Mint two years later

There is a moment or and where one thinks Maybe this will go on forever that of course it doesn t. The summer of 67 was the much hyped Summer of Love during which thousands of runaways and youthful escapees from suburbia flocked to the Haight Some were undoubtedly on a kind of inchoate spiritual pilgrimage while others may simply have come for the reputed drugs and fun Whatever the case the immensity of their numbers helped choke the spontaneity and vitality of the very scene they came to enjoy In response many of the original hip locals started packing up for the country tired of urban crowding and hoping for a quieter life in rural communes

Enter *Zap #1* and underground comix In retrospect it seems fitting that the sudden blossoming of UG comix—of comix for heads and the hip—should happen after the San Francisco scene had peaked. What better time to sit back and learn to laugh at yourself and your subculture than in the potentially depressing period following the Big Buzz Certainly much of the attraction of Robert Crumb s early work was its ability to both express that era and gently mock it at the same time

Crumb had already begun producing stoned comix before *Zap #* was published in February 1968 The previous year he had several pages of strips in *EVO* and had done a special one-man comix issue of *Yarrowwalks* a literary magazine out of Philadelphia Encouraged by the magazine s publisher to draw up his own comic book Crumb produced *Zap* and sent it to the publisher The publisher s and Crumb s originals disappeared Undaunted Crumb drew a second issue which became the *official Zap #*

Don Donahue was a native San Francisco with an ambition to be a publisher A friend of his, poet Charlie Plymell, had a Multilith 250 press The two were excited by Crumb s work in *Yarrowwalks* and *EVO* so when Donahue met Crumb at the end of 1967 he offered to publish him. Don arranged for Crumb to print 5,000 copies of *Zap #1* in trade for Don s tape recorder Donahue Crumb, and Crumb s wife Dana collated and stapled the issues and went down to Haight Street where they sold them for twenty five cents each out of a baby


Besides I don't want to leave--I want to stay here with you.
I'm sorry, but I've got my own career to think of
And so I left my adopted home.
and crossed the burning sands until I found the spoor of man--
--a car dealership on the edge of the desert, beating the city prices with its low overhead.
ZAMMA
LOKTA

carnage.

Meanwhile, back in the world of posters, the boom was over. Moscoso and Griffin had been doing them weekly for over two years and were ready for something new—comix. Griffin was no stranger to comic art, having drawn "Murph the Surf" several years before for a southern California surfing magazine. Moscoso, coming from a fine art background, tackled comics with the same aesthetic spirit he had brought to the posters. Art was where you made it—why not in comic books?

S. Clay Wilson took San Francisco by storm the same month that *Zap #1* came out. Raised in Nebraska, educated in art and anthropology at the University of Nebraska, Wilson ended up living in Lawrence, Kansas, and working as a model for drawing classes at the university there. A compulsive cartoonist since grade school, he already had a sophisticated drawing style by the mid '60s. In 1967 he drew a portfolio of twenty drawings that was published in a limited edition by a small press in Lawrence. It was powerful stuff: scenes of battling bikers, scurvy pirates, and horrific perverts.

Plymell, originally from Kansas, was a friend of the publisher of the portfolio. When Wilson hit San Francisco he looked him up. One thing led to another, and Donahue introduced Wilson to Crumb. In Crumb's own words, "I was just completely flabbergasted by the guy. I'd never seen anything like those drawings of his before."

The two cartoonists conferred with the two poster artists and decided to make *Zap #2* a group production. Spirits were high and momentum was building. Where it might lead to was hard to say, but something was in the air.

John Thompson was friends with Joe Beck, and the two of them discussed the idea of a weekly underground paper composed entirely of comix. As a tribute to the early days of comic art, they planned to call it *Puck, the Yellow Kid*. Don Schenker at the Print Mint had already published Beck's art and was now involved with publishing *Zap #2*, so he was approached by Thompson and Beck in April 1968. Their original title could not be used for copyright reasons, so Schenker renamed the paper *Yellow Dog*.

Published "as weekly as possible," *Yellow Dog* initially consisted of four tabloid size pages selling for fifteen cents. Crumb contributed the cover and a "Mr. Natural" strip, Thompson did the first of many "Spiritual Stag Films" starring Sam Good, and Beck did a Disney satire with Mickey and Donald as alcoholics. Andy Martin, a UC Berkeley architectural student, rounded out the editorial core with a Steadmanesque strip about Professor Anatole Muraves.

Yellow Dog soon doubled in size, raised its price to twenty five cents, and totally abandoned any attempt at a weekly schedule. The list of contributors expanded rapidly to include Wilson, Griffin, and Moscoso. Jim Osborne's densely detailed strips first appeared in #5, while Robert Williams, soon to be a *Zap* regular, turned up in #7. As the first real "open" UG comic, *Yellow Dog* played a key role in encouraging new artists and keeping the ball rolling.

Copies of *Zap* were wending their way around the U.S. and having a significant effect on the cartoonists who had known of each other's work since the days of *Help!* In Austin, Texas, Gilbert Shelton was drawing "The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers" for his local UG paper *The Rag*. A copy of *Zap #1* fell into his hands in early '68 and inspired Shelton to collect his own strips into a self published comic, *Feds and Heads*.

In Chicago, Jay Lynch and Skip Williamson, friends from the days of Satire Fandom, were publishing the *Chicago Mirror*, a "humor magazine for hippies." Paeans to acid shared the pages with surrealistic comic strips and gag cartoons. The *Mirror*'s quality was mixed at best. Lynch and Williamson were struggling to put out the third issue during the summer of '68 when Crumb came to Chicago for a visit. Jay and his wife Jane had

Please sit down, Mr.
Hmm...My galvanic skin response to you is extremely low, you're not very charismatic,are [illegible]
Ah, there's definitely something missing.

To Be Continued

already been corresponding with Crumb and it was only natural that Crumb would stay with them while visiting. With an amazing black bound sketchbook full of ideas, drawings and strips as well as copies of the new *Zap #2* in hand, Crumb was whether intentionally or not a highly inspiring figure.

Comix were the wave of the future, not humor magazines. The *Mirror*'s third issue was its last. *Bijou Funnies* was the new project, rising from the *Mirror*'s ashes.

It was at this point that I enter into the chronology. Eighteen and fresh out of suburban high school where I had been editor of a student underground paper, I contacted Lynch about doing cartoons for the *Mirror*. As the *Mirror* became *Bijou*, I met with Jay Skip and Crumb and was invited to contribute a strip. *New Left Funnies* was the result, a rapidographed attempt at political satire stylistically inspired by Shelton, Crumb, Lynch and Williamson, who were all present in the issue. The sixth cartoonist represented was Dave Herring, a friend of mine from our early days in Comics Fandom.

Bijou #1 was labeled "Adults Only" on the cover, though a current glance at its overwhelmingly wholesome contents makes one wonder why. Sex, drugs and politics were all rather indirect present, but the general tone was one of slightly naughty giddiness, perhaps typified by the back cover's command, "Don't worry, it's Tee Vee set." Over the course of its next several issues, *Bijou*'s contents would get considerably bolder, but good solid laughs remained the number one priority.

Next month: Part Three: **So Long to the Sixties.**

New Publications

A couple of new comix from Kitchen Sink are worth your attention. *Dope Comix #3* is the best single set of this blatantly titled comic. While in general I've come to find drug humor rather tedious, *Dope #3* either sidesteps the usual cliches or satirizes them in a wholly enjoyable fashion. Howard Cruse and Steve Sates each do anecdotal stories about their LSD incidents that veer off into fantasy at key points, while Dan Steffan does a satirical tale of a Good Humor man who gets frozen in the back of his truck and wakes up in the thirty-sixth century. New cartoonist Joe Schwind debuts in this issue with several impressive pages, including a two-page photo-collage strip with a narrative reminiscent of Kerouac and Burroughs meeting in a dark alley. Ripp and Whitney also contribute amusing strips, but the issue's real dazzler is a six-page tribute to the old hilarity hilariously animated cartoons by Doug Hansen, entitled "A Night on a Head Shop." In classic fashion the shop's products and student inhabitants come alive at night and stage a battle royale. What could be an exercise in kitsch is pulled off with flying colors by Hansen, establishing him at last as an artist fully in command of the medium.

Also from Kitchen comes *The Bunch's Power Pak Comics* by Aline Kominsky Crumb in mind boggling detail. Aline leads us through the countless graphical adventures of her alter ego, the Bunch. Over half the time is devoted to Bunch, girlfriend with her parents, Roberta and Artie, on Long Island. Aline's sense of humor manages to dwell on the particularly grotesque incidents until an aura of absurdity envelops the whole comic. Stylistically the art is simultaneously crude and sophisticated which means you usually either love it or hate it. For my dimes, you can't find a better hour's entertainment.

Both *Dope #3* and *Power Pak* retail for $? and should be available wherever underground comics are sold. If they're not, raise hell with your local dealer. ●

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by Angus McKie

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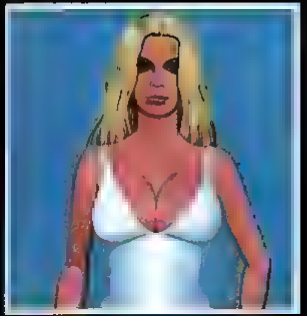

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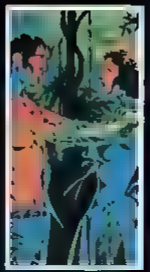

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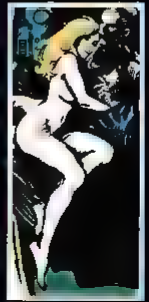

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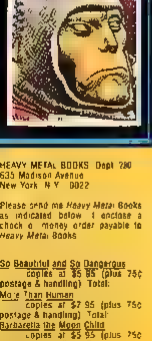

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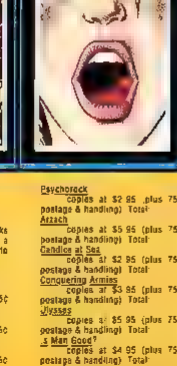
A new comic heroine, in the great tradition of Barbarella, Phoebe Zeitgeist, and Modesty Blaise. Candice, who can't seem to find a thing to wear, is shanghaied, plundered, keelhauled, and otherwise entertained for sixty-four pages of nautical insanity in perhaps the sexiest black and white ever drawn. Heavy chrome coat cover. 8 x 11. List price: $5.95. Order now, pay $3.95.

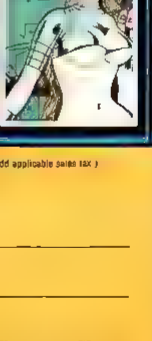


CONQUERING ARMIES

From *Heavy Metal* magazine, the dream epic of Seoo horsemen who have never lost a battle and never won a war, who have always gone and gone and who will always return. Script by *Metal Hurlant* editor Jean-Pierre Dionnet, with magnificently detailed black and white art by the mysterious Gal. Large size 9¾ x 13¾. List price: $4.95. Order now, pay $3.95.

ULYSSES

Art and text by Lob and Pichard (who brought you *Candice at Sea*), based on the story by Homer (who brought you the Iliad), the brave Ulysses pits his strength and wit against gods with the morals of movie producers and goddesses with the morals of movie starlets as he makes his way home across the universe. Certain to have been a classic. Full color, 9 x 11. List price: $6.95. Order now, pay $5.95.



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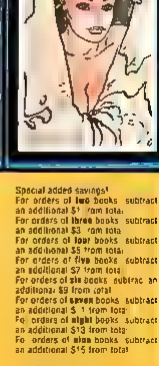

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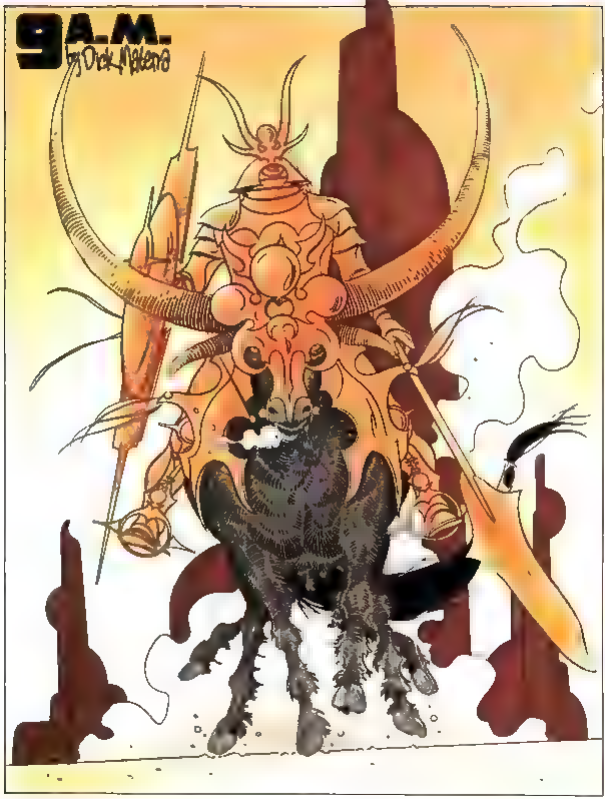
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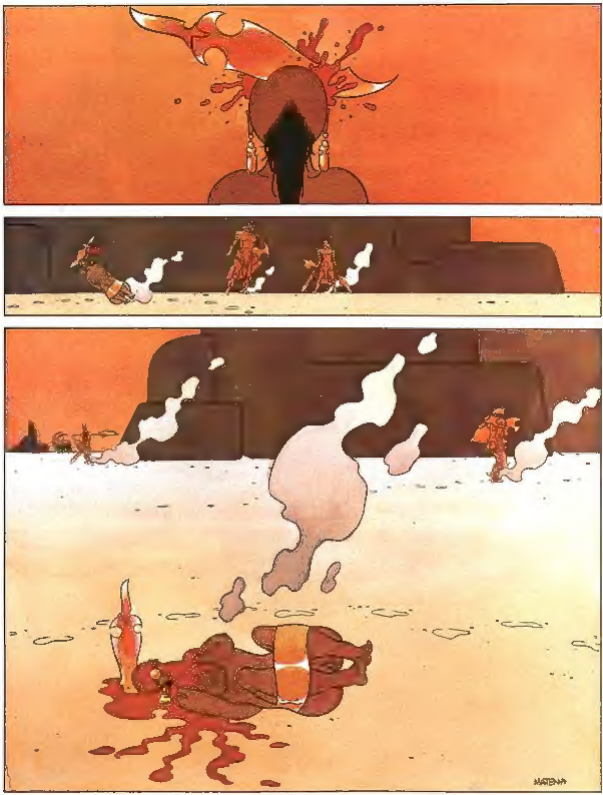

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